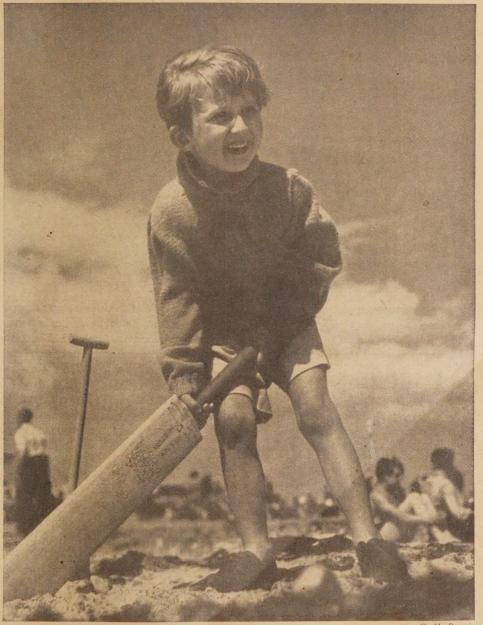
# The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



Holiday season: young cricketer on the Sussex sands

G. MacDomni

In this number:

I Live in Kenya (Noël Solly)

Is Charity Out of Date? (Guy W. Keeling)

Moving Mountains: the Case for Christian Science (Robert Peel)

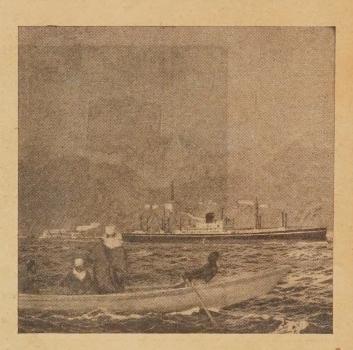


# IT CAN SAVE YOU POUNDS EVERY YEAR

Do you know that with identical cars one driver may get, say, 7,000 miles and another driver 35,000 miles from tyres of the same make? Just think of that. One buys 25 tyres while the other buys 5. What is the secret? This book will tell you. Read how to get thousands more miles from your tyres. It is free from 'padding' and is free to you. Post the Coupon NOW (1\frac{1}{2}d. stamp in unsealed envelope). Issued in the interests of motorists by The Avon India Rubber Co. Ltd., Melksham, Wiltshire.

POST NOW  CO. LTD., Melksham, Wiltshire. a copy of "TO MOTORISTS ABOUT	Please send me free of charge
NAME, Mr. Mrs. or Miss ELOCK LETTERS	and the state of t
ADDRESS	
	L.7

### SEALED AND DELIVERED



FIRM of British motorcar manufacturers with a large export trade to Australia were worried about the deterioration in finish which occurred in transit. The bodywork was found to be blistered and the upholstery to be disfigured by mould. The company appealed for help to I.C.I., as suppliers of the finish. It was decided that the cause of the trouble and its cure could only be found by following the cars through from the moment they were placed in their packing cases in this country until they were delivered to the customer "down under". This meant long and tedious observation over a period of many months, during which a technical service man from I.C.I. Paints Division at Slough travelled to Australia in a cargo ship with a consignment of cars. The trouble was eventually tracked down to "cargo-sweat" — a condition due to the combined action of heat and humidity in the holds of the ship during its passage through the tropics. The problem was then referred to I.C.I. Plastics Division at Welwyn for a cure, and a method was devised for wrapping each car completely in a sealed envelope of polythene film 0.002" thick. This material, being waterproof and providing a moisture vapour barrier, proved completely satisfactory.

Thus, by combining the technical service resources of two of its manufacturing divisions, I.C.I. helped a British car manufacturer to maintain a valuable export market in Australia.



# The Listener

Vol. L. No. 1274

Thursday July 30 1953

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.

#### CONTENTS PET TOTONI NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK 180 Religious Toleration (Rev. Victor White, O.P.) ... 163 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: Moving Mountains (Robert Peel) ... ... 184 From John Perret, W. H. Cazaly, G. Young, D. A. Wilkins, David THE WORLD TODAY: Sylvester, Andrew Ritchie, S. J. van Pelt, G. Ambrose, and Prosperous Alberta (Ernest Watkins) I Live in Kenya (Noël Solly) 165 G. Newbold, David Carver, and Margaret Jago ... 186 166 177 Population and Family Limitation (David Glass) ... ART Is Charity Out of Date? (Guy W. Keeling) 182 Painting in Paris Today (Georges Duthuit) 188 Three London Galleries (page of pictures) ... 190 THE LISTENER: 168 Toleration GARDENING . What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) 168 Propagating Shrubs (F. H. Streeter) 189 DID YOU HEAR THAT? 169 How to Put Out Forest Fires (Alastair Dunnett) ... The Listener's Book Chronicle 191 Needle and Bobbin (Marion Powys) 169 New Novels (Anthony Rhodes) 194 A Sinister Tulip (Ivor Jones) 170 Snakes as Personalities (G. M. Carstairs) ... CRITIC ON THE HEARTH! Television Documentary (Reginald Pound) 195 Progress and Purpose in Evolution (W. H. Thorpe) Television Drama (Philip Hope-Wallace) ... 196 Sound Drama (J. C. Trewin) The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong) 106 THE THEATRE 197 The Lost Leader (W. Bridges-Adams) Music (Dyneley Hussey) ... ... 197 THE OUEEN'S GENERATION-VI: Babylon, Baedeker, and Blinkers (Anthony Smith) MUSIC: Manuel de Falla (Scott Goddard) ... 198 POEM: BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE 199 178 Dream and Thing (Edwin Muir) ... NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS 199 Gandhi, Keynes, and the Spinning-Wheel (S. Moos) ... 179 CROSSWORD NO. 1,213 ... ... ... 199

# **Religious Toleration**

The Rev. VICTOR WHITE, O.P., gives the first of a series of talks on toleration

O ask a dogmatic theologian—and a Roman Catholic one at that—to discuss toleration may seem like asking the devil to describe the joys of heaven. The very word dogmatism has become synonymous with intolerance. Words like 'heresyhunt', 'inquisition', 'odium theologicum', 'proselytism', 'auto-da-fé' stand for expressions of intolerance to which some members of my profession have rendered all too zealous service. And though the fact that these words have become bad words is often due to a misreading of history—a distortion of historical fact, or a measuring of the facts by an anachronistic yardstick—there can be no denying that there is plenty of fire behind all this murky smoke.

Yet these very facts summon the theologian, as perhaps nobody else, to a searching scrutiny of the character and grounds of tolerance and intolerance; and, where need be, to self-examination, repentance, and amendment. And perhaps his scrutiny may be of service even to those who do not accept his assumptions or terms of reference. We know now that our era of liberal toleration is not so secure as we liked to suppose a few decades ago. The psychological law of compensation will lead us to expect that a merely irrational, uncriticised ideal of unmitigated tolerance will breed its opposite in an eruption of extreme intolerence; and we find that in fact the organised ideological tyranny of totalitarianism and the little-less tyrannical pressure of utilitarianism, bourgeois 'normalcy', are the direct offspring of unrealistic liberal sentiment, of ideological laissez-faire. Many of my colleagues and coreligionists have in fact been much engaged in recent years in this scrutiny of the character and grounds of tolerance: I think especially of Professor Maritain's pioneer manifesto, True Humanism, of the recent symposium of some French theologians, Tolérance et communauté humaine, and the work of Father Courtenay Murray in the United States. In the little I can deal with here I shall profit from their reflections and researches, but neither limit myself to them nor commit these authors to all I have to say.

Apologists for historic Christendom (who are not necessarily apologists for Christianity) have done well to remind us of the hard truth that unlimited tolerance is heither desirable nor possible in the human situation. Every individual, every group, must set limits to its tolerance if it is to survive. No society, however great store it may set on freedom of thought and conscience, can long tolerate thoughts which issue in anti-social behaviour, whatever the sincerity and conviction with which they are held. Nor is it easy to set limits to the kinds of thoughts which may prove socially disruptive. They cannot, for instance, be restricted to thoughts about what is, and what is not, criminal, unfair, or indecent behaviour. They may include thoughts as amoral as those of arithmetic: it is intolerable that my butcher or my income-tax assessor should hold personal theories about the rules of addition and subtraction if they are to result in my financial disadvantage. Nor is it the interests of society only which must, in practice, set limits to tolerable thoughts. Psycho-analysis has amply confirmed that there are limits to the thoughts which the individual can tolerate in his own mind, consistently with the self-preservation of his own ego. And although psycho-analysis has also shown that the repression of unwanted thoughts is often no less detrimental to sanity (a fact which probably holds good in the body politic also), its own notorious tendency to dogmatism, sectarianism, and intolerance is a striking testimony to the accuracy of its findings in this particular.

We should be grateful for these realistic reminders, even if they do not always justify the historic events—the Inquisition and the rest—which they in some measure explain. Invaluable, too, is the distinction some French thinkers have made between what they call 'sacral' and 'pluralist' societies. In the 'sacral' society it is an understood thing

that Weltanschauung, ultimate beliefs and values of a religious or 'metaphysical' nature, do profoundly influence practical conduct and social forms. In societies of this sort, the myth, the ritual, the creed, are the very soul or form which animate the community, give it cohesion, meaning, and purpose, sanction its patterns of behaviour, its laws and customs. In such a society, so-called 'metaphysical' beliefs and religious practices cannot be a matter of private choice or individual opinion; it cannot tolerate radical departures from the group-mind on these subjects (even when they are psychologically possible) without inviting the disintegration of the group and the demoralisation of the individuals who compose it. The ruins of countless tribal organisations and cultures are there to tell us what happens when, by force or craft, an alien religion or Weltanschauung or ethic is superimposed on, and destroys, the inherited native pattern.

#### 'Sacral' and 'Pluralist' Societies

Notwithstanding numberless variations and stages of evolution, the 'sacral' society was normal, possibly universal, until comparatively recent centuries. Even then, the 'pluralist' society was only a gradual, almost an accidental, growth, confined to a comparatively small proportion of the human race. By a 'pluralist' society I understand, with P. Congar, a society in which not only is it a matter of bare fact that many divergent positions or ideas about human destiny are held by inhabitants of the same area and members of the same human community; but one in which this situation is generally accepted and is indeed a basis of their mutual collaboration within that community. Such 'pluralism' is now the norm in most western, and many other, countries; and is constitutionalised not only in so religiously heterogeneous a country as the United States but also in so dominantly Hindu Republic of India.

We must remember that it was not any idea that tolerance was a good thing that first made it the accepted thing. Hard facts and practical necessities first forced governments to recognise that persistence with the 'sacral' pattern defeated its own purpose. They found that Acts of Uniformity, however statesmanlike and comprehensive, served no longer to unify, but to divide and disintegrate, the human community. But the recusants—papist or puritan—who forced this recognition could hardly conceive of, let alone admire and suffer for, a 'pluralist' society of universal tolerance. They only proved, once more, that there are men who fear those that kill the soul rather than those that only kill the body. The creed, the myth, the ritual give meaning to life; and such men find death, torture, and dispossession preferable to meaninglessness and infidelity to truth and reality as they apprehend it.

To this day, although we are mostly agreed in accepting pluralismnot only de facto but in some measure de jure-we are far from agreed in our reasons for doing so. Indeed it may be said that we tolerate and accept toleration for reasons which we severally would sometimes find intolerable. For some of us, it is for no clear reason at all, religious toleration is just the understood thing. For others, there is just a vague sense that 'metaphysical' beliefs or disbeliefs, religious needs or promptings, are a purely irrational and involuntary factor, a product of heredity, upbringing and environment, which take different forms in different people; and for which they are to be as little praised or blamed as for the colour of their eyes. Others would find in this variety a very fine thing, akin to the infinite variety of nature—a manifestation of the fertility of the human spirit, if not also a spectrum refracting the Divine Light. Others will take a more cynical view: one religion is as good or bad as another; at best they are matters of opinion, obsolete ideologies still claiming lip-service, but no longer very effective in moulding individual conduct, let alone in shaping the pattern of social and economic relations and historical trends. The Marxist will recognise that these ideologies are still effective; but to him the effectiveness is that of an opiate, which renders the proletariat insensitive to its own historic destiny, and becomes an instrument of its own subjugation. For this reason the Marxist can logically tolerate neither pluralism nor toleration.

But others, influenced by the findings of psychology and anthropology, also recognise the persistence of functional efficacy in religious beliefs and practices, but are led to conclusions which justify the utmost toleration. In their view, religious intolerance and proselytism are little short of spiritual murder. According to Jung, the psychological function of the *mythos*, the ritual or the dogma, is that of protecting the ego from dissolution in the unconscious, while at the same time they mediate

its contents in digestible and beneficial form. The ego is at once protected by them from meaninglessness and insanity, which men fear more than death; and they are mediums of meaningfulness and health to the human psyche. Suzanne Langer, reaching similar conclusions from different premises, writes: 'Interference with acts that have ritual value (conscious or unconscious) is always felt as the most intolerable injury one man, or group of men, can do to another . . . It is a breach of personality . . . Common insult is a blow at one's ego; but constraint of conscience strikes at one's ego and super-ego, one's whole world, humanity, and purpose'.

These are considerations which the theologian—and also the evangelist, and the foreign missionary especially-must seriously take into account. But they do not resolve his own problem. The empirical psychologist or sociologist may legitimately confine his attention to the observable function of mythos, ritual, and creed, while abstracting from that question of their truth or falsehood which is the inescapable concern of the preacher or the theologian. His calling forbids him to evade the issue of religious truth and falsehood; compels him to define and justify his attitude to the one and the other. He is not absolved from this concern by the reflection that zeal for truth has too often been a cloak for the most evil and revolting of human passions. A book like Aldous Huxley's The Devils of Loudun will remind him of the hideous results which can follow from such self-deception, and also of the evils attending idolatry of the dogma; the substitution of the formula for the infinite mystery which it should communicate. Yet even that book will tell him, and with astonishing penetration, how much is at stake for human weal and happiness in a matter so seemingly academic and remote at the correct formulation of the doctrine of the Trinity. Behind the monstrous atrocities at Loudun was not too much, but too little, dogma and theology; and Jung also, from his purely empirical standpoint, has helped us to understand how great was the issue, even for the history of our European consciousness, in the old, passionate controversies about the Trinity and the Incarnation. No spiritual teacher of renown has ever supposed that it could be a matter of indifference what men think and say about ultimate realities or values and their own relationship to them. Notwithstanding some efforts to present oriental religions as favouring a liberal indifferentism and a freedom from creeds and dogma, there is little documentary evidence to support the presentation. 'Right view' or 'right thinking' is the first step in the path of the Buddha, and the word 'orthodoxy' is precisely its Greek equivalent. In the Pali scriptures there is much that reads like accounts of heresy trials.

#### The Christian Message

But the question of tolerance and intolerance drives the theologian and the religious teacher into the deeper question of the truth or falsehood of what he or others believe and teach; and this, in its turn, should lead him to inquire into the character and scope, the kind of truth which he is concerned to believe and proclaim. And if he be a Christian, the answer should be plain enough. His professional concern is not with any sort of truth, neither mathematical, nor scientific, nor philosophical, nor social, nor even ethical truth, but with the verbum salutis, the message of human healing and salvation, the Gospel, the good news of the Divine offer of human deliverance and the means for its attainment. His message, he believes, is the message of Divine love for mankind, and if he takes at all seriously his own calling as its messenger, he cannot tolerate within the Church, the community of believers, any distortion of that message which would be harmful to its hearers: he must hate heresy because he loves God and his neighbour. Nevertheless, and this he has too often forgotten, it is of the very essence of that message itself that it is a Divine gift of grace and election, that its acceptance means free, individual response and decision, and that discipleship means personal willingness to take up a cross and to follow.

Once these things are really grasped, the 'pluralist' society no longer presents a problem, but rather a welcome opportunity, to the orthodox believer. It needs no justification. The problem now is rather to justify the former employment of Christianity as the religion of a 'sacral' society. For it at least tacitly assumed that the Christian Church and the human community were coterminous, and that membership of a nation, the habitation of a geographical area, entailed orthodox Christian faith and discipleship. From the outset, Christianity had meant a breakaway from the 'sacral' institutions of Judaism, the formation of an ecclesia of the 'called', of those who 'were born, not of blood . . . nor of the will of man, but of God'. And it was from the intolerance of continued on page 185)

# Prosperous Alberta

#### By ERNEST WATKINS

WOULD call Canada less a land of promise than a land of fulfilment; and I would like to discuss here a particular aspect of the country—the changes in the prairie provinces, particularly Alberta, over the past five years or so. Alberta is the most westerly of the prairie provinces. It has a population of about 1,200,000, a little less than one-tenth of the total population of Canada. Its two principal cities are Edmonton and Calgary. Edmonton you probably link with the

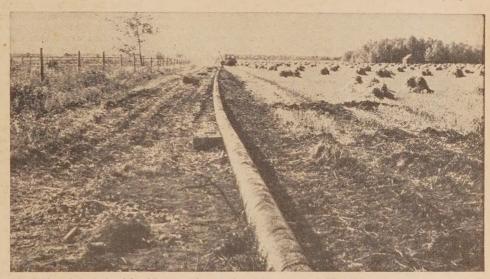
oilfields discovered close to the city in 1947, and Calgary with cattle and cowboys, the 'Calgary' stampede. But the first oilfield discovered in all Alberta, in Turner Valley, is about thirty miles south of Calgary, and Calgary, like Edmonton, is fast becoming an industrial centre. Alberta has oil, and the natural gas found with it. It has power from the oil, from hydro-electric generation, and from its coal, for under Alberta, so far not much more than scratched, is one of the biggest coal-fields anywhere in the world-some 50,000,000,000 tons of coal already proved.

One of the plants at Calgary makes fertilisers: it was put up by our own Government early in the war because, by one of those cynical twists of chemistry, the ingredients that make agricultural fertilisers also make explosives. This plant runs twenty-four hours a day. It employs about 120 people on each shift, about 360 in all, and it produces about 400 tons of ammonium nitrate fertilisers a day, which are sold all over North and

South America, and right across the Pacific. All the raw materials the plant uses are natural gas, air, water, and power: natural gas, which comes out of the ground and is piped in, 10,000,000 cubic feet of it a day; water from the river; and air—just fresh air. There is one other

thing—the paper bags in which the fertiliser is packed. In short, the freight cars that take away the fertiliser come in virtually empty.

I will not go into the chemical processes involved. The fertiliser consists of nitrogen, hydrogen, and oxygen. The natural gas, methane, consists of four atoms of hydrogen to one of carbon. The nitrogen and oxygen come from the air, and all the 120 men do is to mind the retorts and pressure containers in which all the chemical changes go on.



Oil pipeline of the Leduc field, Alberta, ready to be lowered underground. When it is covered, the farm crops will grow over it

It is a skilled job: do not think I am decrying it. But it is a different kind of skill from that used, say, by the man who does no more than screw up one nut on the chassis of a car as it passes him on a conveyor belt. If that man did not screw up the nut, the car would not run. In the fertiliser plant, as long as the installations work, most of the men do not even have to screw a nut.

Now let us go to Edmonton; first, to the oilfield just outside it, the Leduc field. If you expect to see much in that oilfield, you will be

Now let us go to Edmonton; first, to the oilfield just outside it, the Leduc field. If you expect to see much in that oilfield, you will be disappointed: certainly there are no forests of derricks. All you see is little metal pipes sticking about a yard out of the ground, rather like large-sized fire hydrants. When the well is drilled, a cap is put on the top. The oil is piped away underground, to tanks where the natural gas is separated from it: wells may not be brought into production unless there are means by which the natural gas can be used straight away. Then the oil is piped away, perhaps 1,000 miles or so to eastern Canada. The whole thing is an automatic process. By the end of this year there will be over 4,000 miles of oil pipeline in Canada.

A few miles east of Edmonton there is a new factory going up for making rayon cellulose filaments. It is costing just over 50,000,000 dollars. It is being sited there because of the natural gas. Cellulose filaments are, basically, wood pulp with the lignin dissolved out, and it is apparently worth while hauling the wood pulp hundreds of miles from British Columbia to Edmonton to take advantage of the natural gas of Alberta. This, too, will be another plant filled with intricate machinery, where most of the people employed will be instrument watchers first and foremost. These places are no more and no less than gigantic chemical laboratories, using temperatures up to 900 degrees Centigrade and pressures of 5,000 pounds to the square inch. The Professor of Metallurgy at the University of British Columbia has said of yet another process that will start in Alberta this year: 'Most of the operations are regulated by automatic control devices which reduce to a minimum the labour employed'.



Cowboy at Calgary lassooing a calf for branding: while tending his herds, he also practises for the annual 'stampede'

I would not like to give the impression that Alberta is largely, or even mainly, industrial. It is not. Most of its people still work on the land, or with products directly produced by the land. One of the oddest things about the Leduc oilfield is to see how little the oil wells now interfere with the traditional farming of the district. Calgary is still a main centre for cattle breeding and livestock. Lethbridge, further south, is now a centre of mixed farming, based on irrigation. But if you send food out of the province, it must be processed. I went through one of Calgary's large packing plants and watched a long line of newly killed pigs being processed, at the rate of about one every three seconds. There were about a dozen men in the room, each with his set task. The carcasses hung from a moving chain, and what was unmistakably a dead pig when it entered was equally no more than an assembly of bacon and pork when it left. There was even a 'vet.' on permanent duty, to condemn out of hand any carcass that looked at all diseased: that would go complete down a special chute to be turned into fertiliser. The products of that firm and of its plant are sent all over North America.

Finally, there is wheat farming. I stayed for a few days on a wheat farm of 480 acres, not far from Regina in the adjoining province of Saskatchewan. The only living things on that farm were the farmer, his wife, and his two small daughters. Not a dog, not even a chicken—he bought his eggs. He and his hired help operate machines furiously when the frost goes, in May, getting the seed in. They sit back for about twelve weeks, while the corn grows and ripens. Then they work other machines furiously getting in the grain and dumping it in the local grain elevators. Then the year's work is over—five months at the outside—and improved strains of wheat are always cutting down that time. In fact, this man spends the rest of the year in Regina, in a flat, as a member of the provincial parliament. He could spend it in

Florida just as easily, if the price of wheat were good.

I know that some people think this is a bad development, and it certainly is not true of all farming in Canada. People say that the farmer who lives with his land, who grows a little barley and some root crops, who has some milk cows, a few pigs, and keeps a few poultry, and who is working at something pretty well all the year round, is really a happier man. Maybe: all I am saying is that this kind of wheat farming is a fact, that the clock shows no sign of going back. It is a fact that Saskatchewan, where the main activity is wheat growing, is the only province in Canada where the population fell between 1941 and 1951. More and more machines do more and more of the work. All over North America the power dams are going up, nowhere more so than in Canada.

Most of the development in Canada since the war has been development in the production of the raw materials that industry needs: iron ore, lead, zinc, copper, nickel, uranium, gold—all the metals; wood pulp, cellulose yarn, fertilisers—all the raw materials of other people's trades which at the present time, must be sold outside Canada. Canada is a vast exporting organisation of things essential to the world, but not finished things. We need 50,000,000 people or so to produce the volume of finished articles we turn out every year. We put in a good deal

of work on them. Canada will need less labour to produce her exports than we do to produce ours. So Canada is not a place with a crying need for unskilled labour: on the contrary, she is a place with a crying need for skills, from toolmakers and fitters to chemists and

The wealth of the United Kingdom grew by leaps and bounds last century because we produced more than we were able to consume ourselves and so we had to find markets for our surplus. If we made more railway lines than we could use here, we had to use them up by building a railway in, say, South America, and, once built, that railway, of itself, began to change South America. From the proceeds of this world trade we built up social amenities, culture, the arts, all that we call our standard of life. It seems to me that Canada is bound to follow the same process, although the methods, and the results, will not be the same because this is a different century. What will the results, be? A hundred years ago, when Britain was beginning to get really wealthy, most of our labour was unskilled. Canada needs, and is getting, people with skills. A society is growing up there based from the beginning on the skilled worker, growing from men who understand machines and instruments, what they do, how they work, how they can be improved and redesigned. What kind of society, and what kind of culture, will grow out of that? The first thing that strikes you in Canada—and the last thing you remember when you come away-is the distances between one town and the next, and the empty spaces in between. What will grow in between? What will fill up the gaps? Not the pattern of society that we have here, or anywhere else in Europe. Something different, something fresh, something yery exciting.

You may say that, if all this is happening, Canada will be no more than a copy of the United States. Not necessarily: there is one big difference between the two countries. The United States has raced ahead in production and techniques, and in the supply of finished goods, mainly to satisfy her home market. Her exports to the rest of the world have never been of great importance to her economically. In consequence, she is a self-regarding country. She has not needed to think of the rest of the world, still less to have to understand it. Canada has been, and must be, otherwise. Always, from the time when she first began to export wheat and lumber, she has been compelled to study the outside world, which was her market. International trade gave us our view of the world as a whole. It is giving Canada the same kind of schooling. One might say that the U.S.A. is learning about the rest of the world reluctantly, lest she be hurt if she does not. Canada has a more positive reason for learning: she will starve if she does not.

There is one other difference between the two countries, and an important one. The United States experienced the American Revolution; Canada did not. The United States has been left with a belief that she had to throw off the yoke of Europe, particularly of Britain, by violence in order to be free. Canada grew into freedom naturally, as a child grows up. Canada is the one country in the Americas of European stock which has become a nation without fear of Europe, without resentment against Europe. I think she may carry the torch lit by Europe further than any other country.—Home Service

# I Live in Kenya

By NOEL SOLLY

AM not attempting here to give a complete analysis of all our troubles and problems in Kenya, but trying to present the personal standpoint of a coffee planter who has known and worked with the Kikuyu for over-twenty years.

We who arrived in 1930 found a colony already built for us, with a flourishing capital at Nairobi and several smaller market towns scattered over the highlands. It was in 1902 that the Kenya Government definitely decided to encourage white settlement by inviting Europeans to come out and develop the empty country through which the railway ran. Otherwise, there would have been no hope of ever paying for the 600-odd miles of permanent way which had been laid down with such difficulty and cost from Mombasa to Lake Victoria. But having brought settlers out and sold them the land, the Government simply left them to get on with the job of farming it, and in consequence many were ruined. Nobody knew what to plant at the various altitudes in the highlands,

which range from 4,000 to 10,000 feet, and there was abysmal ignorance of tropical pests and diseases, of the right sort of grasses upon which to pasture cattle and sheep, and of the districts which had a good rainfall as opposed to those which had none. Our pioneer farmers gallantly struggled on, through methods of trial and error, so that by 1912 the present pattern of the colony had been drawn at least in outline and the railway was paid for.

When I arrived in Kenya all the real spadework had been done. The setback to farming caused by the first world war had been followed by the post-war boom; moreover, Government had at last realised the need to help settlers by the provision of veterinary services, a wheat research station, and agricultural laboratories. But my arrival coincided with the slump of 1929. In the next ten years I was to see ruined many farmers and planters whose land was so poor that perhaps it should never have been planted: at that time sisal fetched £15 a ton, coffee £35 to £40

a ton, and maize meal 6s. a bag. During the second world war, prices again rose. The struggle then took the form of maintaining a vast production drive to feed all the troops, black and white, who were stationed in Kenya, at a time when farms and plantations were miserably short of man-power and also subject to a series of droughts.

In spite of all these troubles, Kenya farmers won through, in many cases thanks to their wives, who ran their farms in their absence, though some of the land suffered considerably from this tremendous war effort. We were just getting ahead again, with our exports increasing rapidly year by year and British capital coming into the country as never before, both for agricultural projects and secondary industries, when the blow fell and Kenya became headline news through the tragedy of Mau Mau. From the efforts of European farmers, then, the whole economy of this country has been built up: the other races, both Asian and African, are dependent on European industry and enterprise for their trade, their wages, and also indirectly for their social services.

It has been said of Kenya that never in the history of colonisation has an alien race settled down with such little disturbance to the native population. The tribes who occupied the highlands when we arrived occupy them still—in fact they occupy more land, not less, than they did before we came, and there was no disturbance or dispossession except in isolated instances, in all of which the owners have been fully compensated long ago. The Kikuyu was one of the tribes who suffered from this slight and unintentional disturbance, which is the origin of the story they now tell that the white man has stolen their land. I can only say that I know one of the originally dispossessed owners—he was in fact my headman—and he was delighted with the land he was given in compensation, which was far better, he knew, than the land he had lost at Kiambu.

#### Disturbance of Old Habits and Customs

But while we can say that our arrival brought little disturbance to the native population as far as occupation goes (except in the rare instances such as I have described), there was disturbance to their customs, habits, and ways of life—usually for the better, although much of the old tribal discipline was lost. I will not discuss here the work of government officials and missionaries in these respects, but will keep myself strictly to the relations between Africans and European farmers, as I know them. Naturally we depend entirely upon Africans for our labour, and our whole achievement has rested on their willingness to work for us. And I assure you that nobody can make an African work if he does not want to. There is no economic pressure here, forcing them to work, as there is in England. Once they have paid their hut tax, which they can do after one month's work, they can go back to their holdings in the reserves and live on what they produce for the rest of the year. I can only suppose they work because they like it-or, rather, they like to have money in their pockets and enjoy the regular life and the benefits they get, such as food, housing, medical care, simple schooling, and community games such as football and other amusements they invent for themselves. So that though nearly all the plantations use what we call 'monthly labour', I have men who have been with us for twenty years or more. My people are nearly all Kikuyus, and I can say from first-hand knowledge that they are contented with their lot, sing at their work, enjoy many a good joke with me, and have very few grouses as long as they are fairly treated. Sometimes they bring their families with them, who all come in for their share of medical treatment, and the children also attend school on the farm.

They are very simple people, turning to the European farmer whenever they are in difficulties. For instance, one of them came to me once with a long story of how his wife had been seduced by a neighbour whom he was accordingly sueing in the local D.C.'s court. He produced a paper signed by the African clerk, informing him that he was to pay 100s. He wanted to borrow this 100s. from me, thinking that if he paid it, he would get his wife back. But when I read the paper, I discovered that the clerk had mixed up the names and got him down as the defendant by mistake. I explained that it was the neighbour who should really pay the 100s. and wrote an indignant letter to the D.C., pointing out the error. But you see how much they need a European friend to fend for them: if that man had not been working for a white man, he would probably have lost his 100s. I think I can honestly say that in all the twenty-three years I have been here, I have never seen any conflict between black and white on the farms until now. We rely on them for our labour and they rely on us for help, guidance, and advice: while together the service of one and the enterprise of the other has produced the prosperity of the country in which we live.

You will probably ask why, if conditions are so idvllic on our farms. Mau Mau should ever have reared its ugly head in Kenya. There are good and bad employers in the colony as much as anywhere else, but it is an astounding fact that the Europeans who have been murdered were nearly all of them well known for the excellent way they treated their labour. In my part of Kenya, all the Kikuvu on the coffee and sisal plantation have worked solidly for us ever since the emergency started. A big coffee crop has been picked, the trees have been pruned, and there has been no grumbling or incitement to 'strike'. But we have reason to believe that nearly all of them have taken the Mau Mau oath. and naturally this is a staggering blow to us who thought them our friends, though we have all carried on calmly, treating them as we always have done, in spite of the fact that we can never know whether one day they may turn against us. But, whatever they may do, I personally am convinced that the anti-white feeling behind Mau Mau is not directed primarily at the settlers. It is just as much against the officials as the unofficials, and the people behind it are not people who have come into contact with settlers at all. They are the educated chaps in white-collar jobs or the spivs and corner-boys one still sees strolling about the Nairobi streets or along the roads in the reserves.

I personally think that Mau Mau is symptomatic of the terribly unsettled state of the world today, following the war-rather like the crime wave in England, though on a bigger scale. The Kikuvu were not considered suitable for the fighting units in either war, but in the last one they joined the ancillary services such as the Pioneer Corps, R.E.M.E., and the Army Service Corps, and served in Egypt, Ceylon, Burma, and India. I think the return of these ex-Askaris, who had come into contact with all shades of opinion on their travels, and often subversive opinion at that, has been the means of fermenting a great deal of the present discontent. There is also the teaching in the Kikuvu independent schools, which has brought the rising generation into line with their brothers and uncles who served during the war; and the upshot is that a spirit of hatred and mistrust has been spread among ignorant and simple people who are now caught by a wild form of mass hysteria to shed blood and to kill, without knowing why they are doing it. It is only fifty years since they first came into contact with white men, and beneath the surface they are still primitive and unreasoning savages.

Mau Mau is not only a movement against the forces of law and order (be these represented by white men or by black), but it is also in the nature of a gangster's racket. The oath administrators are making a very good living out of it—far more than they could ever hope to earn for a few hours' work in an honest job. So, although population pressure and other grievances are present, as nobody in his senses would deny, they are not to my mind the real cause of Mau Mauotherwise it would have undoubtedly spread to other tribes. Nor can we say that it has spread like wildfire through the Kikuvu tribe except in a very restricted sense. It is believed that ninety per cent. have taken the oath, but a large percentage of these have taken it under great pressure, or for the sake of peace and quiet, and are now terrified of the consequences if they break it. How often my men have said to me wearily, 'We Kikuyu destroyed ourselves', but there seems no way of stopping the forces of destruction until we can protect the civil population rather better than we do at present. We are determined that a way must be found to protect the loyal Kikuyu even if it means a complete overhaul of the government machine.

#### Lesson Taught by a Chief

I feel certain that Kenya will weather this storm, because fundamentally black and white are good friends and are also interdependent. the one on the other, for their very existence. The best of them realise this, and I cannot do better than end here with a true story of the late Chief Waruhiu, the first Senior Chief to be murdered, and a man I was proud to count among my friends. A number of local farmers had been invited by Chief Warahiu to attend some sports at one of his schools. After they were over and we had had tea, he went out into the arena, as was his custom, and made a speech to his people in Kikuyu, which was translated for our benefit, and the theme was the interdependence of black and white. Lying on the ground was a large log of wood. He called upon ten Europeans to carry this log away, but it was too heavy for us. He called upon ten Africans, but they also had not the strength to lift it. He then asked the ten Europeans to help the African team, and together we carried the log away with ease, among the cheers of the delighted crowd.-Home Service

# The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbat m with the broadcast scripts Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent

### **Toleration**

E publish today the first of an important series of broadcast talks on the subject of toleration. It is given by a Roman Catholic theologian, Father White, who himself admits that to some this may seem 'like asking the devil to describe the joys of heaven'. His conclusion would appear to be unexceptionable: that in the modern world even the most rigid devotees of a faith must replace sectarian proselytisation by loving evangelism, but he points out that it is only in comparatively recent times that the conception of a pluralist society had become more generally accepted -and even now, incidentally, one supposes that it is accepted in the smaller part of the world. In England the first Act of Toleration was passed in the reign of William and Mary, though as Professor Jordan has shown in his big study of religious toleration, the notion grew from many roots. The Calvinists did not want toleration; nor did the socalled Arminians. It was the smaller sects, such as the Society of Friends, that craved for it. Then in the reign of King Charles II the Court favoured it because it wanted toleration for Roman Catholics, and the nonconformists wanted it because they sought toleration for themselves. Earlier, Cromwell had preached and practised a limited 'liberty of conscience' on broader grounds. From that 'liberty of conscience' has flowed many of our modern liberties.

Toleration, then, one would suggest, has come historically from the effective protests of minorities, and modern liberty, burnished in the days of Benthamism, has allowed the tolerance of almost all minorities, even including some that threaten the very fabric of the existing state and form of society. Not only we ourselves but our grandfathers and great-grandfathers have been brought up to believe that to eration is the essential condition of a civilised community. Our ancestors prided themselves on the achievements of the British Empire because its servants had, with the guns of the British Raj, protected every kind of race and creed. And when we have fought wars, the more idealistic of us have pictured ourselves as stemming the flood of barbarians who intended to impose a new dark age upon us by subjecting us to one all-embracing loyalty. In times of peace, however, we are not required to be unthinkingly loyal to the state, that is to say to the government, but only to obey the law. And so deeply is the idea of toleration rooted within us, that even during the last war members of parliament were allowed to attack the conduct of the government with impunity, and there was no compulsory censorship on the handling of domestic news in the press.

Our attitude to toleration as a community, then, is the fruit of our history, education, and experiences, and has been given shape by our laws. A newspaper, for example, can say what it likes as long as it keeps within the legal bounds of obscenity, defamation, and contempt of court (including the court of parliament). But for the individual, toleration is a different thing. Here he is limited not so much by the law as by his own habit of mind. Broadly, the young are intolerant and the old are tolerant. Intolerance frequently springs from a rationalisation of our emotions or from ignorance of the circumstances of others. And, however hackneyed they may be, it is worth reminding oneself as one grows older of two useful sayings. The first that 'the price of liberty is eternal vigilance'; the second (though more controversial) that 'to understand all is to forgive all'.

# What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the Korean truce

THE OFFICIAL newspaper of the Soviet Communist Party, Pravda, on July 28 commented on the Korean armistice. It said:

The successful negotiations in Korea have confirmed convincingly that there are no such difficult questions which could not be settled by means of talks and by means of agreement between the interested sides.

The editorial also declared that the American military command and the U.S. Government bear the responsibility for fulfilment of the armistice agreement.

Prague radio, after announcing the news, said:

All peace-loving nations will welcome the signing of the truce agreement. At the same time, vigilance must be maintained. The Americans must fulfil their undertaking to adhere to the provisions of the truce. As General Nam II has said recently, there can still be attempts to wreck the truce, particularly in view of Syngman Rhee's activities and American benevolence towards them. The signing of the truce will be the first test of American readiness to put the provisions of the truce into practice.

Warsaw radio described the truce as a great victory for the peace-loving peoples, saying that it had been achieved despite the attempts to sabotage it by the United States Command and the South Korean President. Agreement was reached, said Warsaw radio, as a result of the new proposals put forward by the Chinese and the Koreans. In eastern Germany, Berlin radio had this to say:

A lesson of particular importance for Germany can be drawn from the Korean war—that obsequious puppets who sell their people to the Americans are the worst enemies of their countrymen. If Syngman Rhee's latest provocation failed it was due entirely to the forbearance and unqualified love of peace of the Korean and Chinese side and to the protests of peace-loving mankind. Let us not forget that in Germany a politician is still at the helm whose outlook and aim is similar to that of Syngman Rhee. Eisenhower and Dulles must not be allowed to encourage similar behaviour from Adenauer.

Finally, a quotation from the Melbourne Herald:

For the first time in history the idea of collective security worked promptly and well from the moment it was challenged. For the United Nations the great stake is the confidence of the world in the peaceful ideals and constructive power of the democracies. In Asia, particularly, it is vital that new nations should not regard the United Nations as an instrument of colonialism. This war was fought on an issue that free Asian people could understand.

On the question of the proposed Foreign Ministers' conference, Moscow radio has given full publicity to the *Pravda* article which reflected governmental opinion. Supporting material carried by the home service has stressed the allegedly hostile reception with which the Washington *communiqué* has met in Britain. One broadcast stated that Soviet papers

carried despatches from London describing how broad sections of the British public are impressing on members of parliament the importance of big-power talks without any preliminary conditions, and the need for the extension of cert works trade.

an extension of east-west trade.

The resumption of diplomatic relations between the U.S.S.R. and Israel, and Russia's renunciation of her claims to Turkish territory are two other topics which have aroused interest and speculation. The Israel press, as quoted by the radio, welcomes this move. On the other hand, Damascus radio, in Arabic, said:

Israel, the stepchild of America and Britain . . . now seeks to make the world believe her desire to orientate herself towards the Soviet Union, thereby seeking to influence the project advanced by the United States Secretary of State Dulles, following his tour in the Middle East, in which he said that the United States favouritism towards Israel at the expense of the Arab States should cease. It is known to all that the reason for the rupture of diplomatic relations in February last was Russia's awareness that Israel was the prop of colonialism in the Middle East. Israel's attempt to organise a fifth column working on her account in the countries subject to the Soviet Union has now confirmed the viewpoint, hinted at by the Jews, that they will exploit the new situation to bring into Israel all potential Jewish immigrants behind the Iron Curtain.

Turkish reaction to the official renunciation by the U.S.S.R. of her claims to that country's territory was expressed by Ankara radio thus:

We cannot but feel pleasure . . . in seeing that the Soviet Union has now started to recognise the problems of humanity and the boundaries of national freedom . . We accept the Russian Note as an expression of Russian good will, but it is our right to wait for the good intention to be carried out and then we shall pass judgment.

# Did You Hear That?

#### HOW TO PUT OUT FOREST FIRES

'THERE ARE FEW things more living than forests', said ALASTAIR DUNNETT in 'Open Air', 'and behind their apparently quiet facades the trees fight for their lives. Fire is still their greatest enemy. Last year there were over 1.100 fires in Forestry Commission forests which either caused damage to the woodlands or threatened to do so. Most of them were started by sparks or cinders from railway trains. They did not cause much difficulty, because forestry workers go out on

constant patrol, and naturally enough keep a particularly sharp look-out when trains are due to pass their territory. In addition, watchers from 60-foothigh wooden or steel control towers, sited in various parts of the forest, can quickly spot the first sign of a fire, plot it accurately on a map, and, by reaching for the telephone, get fire-fighting teams quickly into action. But though cinders from the railway cause so many fires, they are generally so small and so quickly spotted that they are very easily dealt with. It is not so easy to deal with the considerable number of fires known to have been started by the general public. I wonder if we realise what our carelessness can do? The three largest fires last year destroyed 300 acres. That means well over 500,000 trees altogether gone up in smoke.

'The dangerous period is during the time when the trees are young, and at all times the destruction of wild life by a forest fire is considerable. Fledgling game birds come off worst. It is, perhaps, not altogether a matter of chance that fires break out in the forest most often during the spring holiday time of April and May, and the peak holiday season from August to September. But that is not the whole story. Over most of the country there are high winds in February and March, sweeping across vegetation that is dead. Bracken, heather, and dead branches are all liable to dry and to go up like tinder. Foresters are

always on the look-out but, as I found when I visited the newly established forest of Glamorgan recently, they are only too glad to have our help. If you are hiking through a woodland area and find a small fire, then attack it with a branch of a tree. On the outskirts of many forests you will generally find, at regular intervals. birch bunches made like a broom for this very purpose. A wet sack is useful or, failing all else, a green branch from a tree. But if any of us are un-

fortunate enough to find a fire we cannot control, then the best idea is to make a beeline for the telephone and call up the nearest forestry office, fire brigade, or the police'

NEEDLE AND BOBBIN

'The beauty of lace fundamentally depends on design', said MARION Powys in a talk in the West of England Home Service. 'The thread may be fine, the work exquisite in detail, but the lace is a failure if the drawing is at fault.

'In the early days of lace the armoured knight would wear it, in the form of a collar or cravat, over the steel of his armour—an amazing contrast. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there were flounces, ruffles, rosettes, head-dresses, cravats, and even garters of lace worn at court and in the country, in battle and in the church. Some of these laces are still worn in the court dress both for men and women, and in Scotland the lace shirt ruffle is worn today with kilts on dress occasions

A famous West Country lace was the deep collar specially made for Catherine of Braganza, Queen of Charles II. It was doubtless sent to Portugal in the good ship Royal Charles, with other gifts for the bride, when she sailed for England. The design has the royal crown of England with the fleur-de-lis alternating with crosses, repeated seven times In the first crown are the words Carolus Rex, in the second Vive le Roi,

in the seventh the date with the initials of Catherine of Braganza, Surrounding these crowns is a scroll pattern with a Tudor rose, the twisting boughs of the oak tree, and the Prince of Wales' feathers. The technique of this lace is that of the Point d'Angleterre grounded with a very early form of net

'Another royal lace was made by the English lacemakers to celebrate an English victory at sea in the time of Queen Anne. This victory was either the taking of the harbour of Vigo in Spain in 1702 or of the rock of Gibraltar in 1704. Both battles were commanded by Admiral Sir George Rooke, who is to be seen in the lace together with Queen Anne, the Duchess of Marlborough, and the flag ship, Royal Catharine. There is also repeated a rock or fortress. The birds flying in the pattern are rooks, punning on the admiral's name. There is also a quaint little figure on horseback, a dwarf from the famous inn near Charing Cross, called "The lest man and horse



A Honiton lace-maker, and (left) a close-up showing the complicated use of bobbins

in the world". It was probably here that the seamen celebrated their victory on their return to London town.

The west of England has been famous for its lace since the industry was founded there in the sixteenth century. At that time it was called "Bone lace". Some think that this name came from the use of bones for bobbins, others suggest it may be that fish bones were used for lace pins, which were

rare at that time, as indeed they are now. It is very possible that "cut work" and "punto in aria" (points in the air), the earliest form of needle point, were also made in the West Country at that time. The fine

fillings in Honiton lace to this day are called cut works.

Cosmo de Medici, the third Italian duke of that name, describing his travels in England in 1669 writes: "There is not a cottage in all the county of Devon nor in that of Somerset, where white lace is not made in great quantities; so that not only the whole kingdom is supplied with it, but it is exported in great abundance". In the eighteenth century, the lace was called Bath Brussels or Point d'Angleterre. In the nineteenth century it was called Honiton, from the market town in Devonshire to which the lace-makers used to bring their sprays and sprigs to be sold, sometimes also larger pieces such as handkerchiefs, collars, and borders. The lace has always been made largely by fishermen's wives, giving them an independent living and something to do

when the men are away at sea. Many of the bobbins are carved and decorated by the sailors for their women-folk. As in Bruges, the women make the lace often outside on the doorstep, on a little low chair in the window, or in the garden with the lace pillow on their lap.

#### A SINISTER TULIP

A collection of pictures of flowers is now on exhibition in London at the Arts Council Gallery. The illustrations were chosen from books in the library of the Society of Herbalists. IVOR JONES spoke about the exhibition in 'The Eye-witness'. 'The earliest work represented', he

said, 'is an eighteenth-century copy of an Arabic medical treatise dating from 600 years earlier, which in turn was based on a much older Greek text. Its illustrations are drawn in a symmetrical, formal style which, for instance, makes a thistle, painted in olive green and pale blues and browns, rather like a pattern for a Moorish frieze. But most of the later works are more realistic, and so detailed as to show even the almost imperceptible veins on petals and the smallest thorns on a rose stem. There is one picture of a head of maize that is bright and lifelike enough to serve as a magazine advertisement, except that the artist in his search for truth has shown the leaves somewhat crumpled. A drawing of an old-fashioned pink rose by the nineteenth-century French master Pierre Joseph Redouté combines the accuracy of an anatomical print with a certain cool, graceful charm. Often the men who made these illustrations have not seen their subjects as, say,

a painter might. They are less concerned with light and shade and effect, and their medium was different, usually an etched or engraved drawing that was coloured later. But some of them had the talent to find beauty in plants usually thought of as weeds. For instance, there is a drawing

of common St. John's Wort that is made attractive by its symmetry and delicacy of line. And sometimes these artists did allow their feelings to creep in: for instance, in a picture of a deep-red parrot tulip that can only be described as sinister. For its patrons it was an expensive art. On show there is one of the ten volumes of John Sibthorp's Flora Græca; only thirty complete copies of this work were issued, over a century ago, and it cost more than £30,000 to produce, say £120,000 at present-day values'.

#### SNAKES AS PERSONALITIES

'Like every British child who was born in India, I was brought up to regard all poisonous snakes with a mixture of fear and disgust, especially our local varieties, the cobra and the kerait', said G. M. CARSTAIRS in a talk in the Home Service. 'After an interval of many years, I found myself back in India last year, but with this great difference, that I was no longer living in a large bungalow, in the Sahibs' world. This time, I was living out in a country village, doing my best to get to know the people. One night, during the rains, I was walking with a Rajput friend called Ragunath Singh. He stopped to shake out a stone from his shoe, and as he got up again, we saw in the rays of our hurricane lantern a big cobra slipping away from



Illustration by P. J. Redouté from Les Roses, one of the works shown in the exhibition of flower books at the Arts Council

behind the stone on which he had been sitting. Ragunath Singh looked after it, and then saluted it as if it were a fellow human being: "Peace be with you". Perhaps I looked surprised, because he said to me, "He could have killed me just now if he'd wished, so is it not right that I should spare his life too?" I was astonished, and impressed. It was the first time that I had heard anyone consider the snake's point of view.

'I had been living long enough among Hindus by this time to appreciate their great sense of kinship with the rest of the animal creation. My nearest neighbour in the village used to begin every day with an offering of grain to the pigeons; and of course I had seen the affectionate indulgence with which everyone treated the sacred cows: but

snakes—that, surely, was something different again. And yet, more than any other animal, snakes are felt in India to have a human, or rather a super-human quality. I learned quite by chance one day that if you kill a snake, it is not good enough simply to cast it aside, or it will certainly come to life again and not rest until it has bitten you. What you must do is to make a miniature litter of bamboo twigs, lay the snake on it with a pinch of tobacco and a small copper coin, cover it with a red cloth, and then cremate it.

"But surely", I said to the young man who explained this to me: "Surely that means you treat it as if you were cremating a human being?" "Not quite", he replied: "When you burn the body of a kinsman, it is customary to shave your head as a sign of mourning. When you burn a snake, you don't have to do that—that's the only difference".

'If snakes are thought of as human, it is a stern father-figure that they represent; but more often than not the cobra is regarded as a sort of god. All round this country-side he is worshipped in effigy as the snake-god, Kagala-Devji. Each hamlet has a little shrine with a row of images. One will be of the local embodiment of Mataji, the goddess-Mother; another, her lieutenant Bhaironji: and somewhere along the row there will be the figure of a black cobra with its hood expanded, coiled as if to strike. Each of these snake-gods has its priest.

'My village friends used to tell me about dreams, or legends they had been told, of great stores of gold and precious stones buried in the earth, always guarded by a deadly snake. Sometimes it was a white snake, and that was certainly a god, sometimes a black one, which was the servant of the spirit which watched over that treasure. And there are other snakes, very old and clever ones,

which are said to carry a priceless jewel in their heads. Sometimes, at night, they will lay this jewel on the ground for a time, and it will glow like a bright light. If a man could only lay hands on it, he would be rich for the rest of his life'.



Indians praying before a snake shrine

# Progress and Purpose in Evolution

By W. H. THORPE

SUPPOSE every naturalist and biologist who has contemplated the extraordinary adaptive variety of the world of animals and plants, or who has investigated the amazing perfection of a highly developed sense-organ, such as the eye or ear, must have been brought up short by a doubt-is it conceivable that a fortuitous concourse of variations can have been responsible for the adaptive perfection we see? Even granting the countless aeons of geological time, even granting the immense number of genes and the incredible complexity of their interrelations, even granting the innumerable generations which succeed one another without pause, is it conceivable that a process of random selection can possibly have accounted for this astounding appearance of purpose and design? This problem is considered anew here and now because Julian Huxley has recently published an expanded version of a series of broadcast lectures under the title Evolution in Action,\* which contains much fresh and stimulating thought. And so I propose to follow up one or two of the more general conclusions and consider them from some rather different angles.

It must be borne in mind that the evolution of the appropriate behavioural abilities concurrently with the elaboration of bodily structures appears, at first sight, to throw a tremendous additional burden upon evolutionary theory; for many such structures would seem to be quite useless without equally finely adjusted behavioural characteristics. Wings are no use unless the owner has the necessary sensory and nervous mechanisms to use and control them. Plumes are useless to a bird of paradise without the instinct to display them properly. The eye is not a mere camera, and is of little use without the brain mechanisms which can mediate the construction of perceptions out of visual experience. And so some will no doubt conclude that the necessity of such inborn inherited behaviour patterns makes a selection theory, which was originally difficult enough, now quite unbelievable.

#### Problem of the Nature of the Organism

It is easy, here, both when dealing with complex structures and complex behaviour, to fall into the error of imagining things to be more completely stereotyped than in fact they are. In fact we have no need to assume that all detailed adaptations, whether of structure or behaviour, are due to a series of specialised, perfectly evolved genemechanisms ensuring their development. On the contrary, some of this weight need not rest directly on the natural selection process. Elementary learning abilities, such as trial-and-error learning and habituation, which are well nigh universal among animals, can take the strain, allowing for the fresh working out, in each generation, of at least some behaviour by individual practice and experience. But this brings us again to the biggest problem of all, that of the very nature of the organism. If we consider it as a purely physico-mechanical system in the sense of nineteenth-century physics, then the process of the evolution of instinctive behaviour, let alone the emergence of mental qualities, does appear almost, or quite, inconceivable.

Here I think Huxley has made an advance on previous writing on the subject. He has come a long way from the old view of the animal as solely a machine, and is driven to assume that all living substance has what, for the moment, can be called 'mind-like' properties. These may, in the majority of animals, be below the level of detection. They can be utilised only for biological purposes when organs—in this case certain specially developed parts of the brain—were evolved capable of intensifying them. So we come to the view that 'mind' has been there all the time, but that it can show itself to us only when natural selection provides it with the appropriate organs for selfexpression. And so mind emerges as an operative factor in evolution, by interaction between what we can for the moment call mental and material. If natural selection is the essential component of the main agency for producing evolution-and of this there seems to be very little doubt left—then a high degree of mental activity and mental organisation could only have come into being if it were of biological advantage to its possessors. Thus, all forms of materialism which deny the effective reality of mind-like properties, or reduce them to epiphenomena, are thereby overthrown. The animal is a perceiving behaving system from the very start, whatever that start may have been, and the drive of such an animal is as much a part of it as its structure. And nearly all animals are able to express this drive, not only in the performance of instinctive actions but also by elementary learning ability, which gives them some degree of adaptability and so helps them in using their organs in the best manner.

#### The Animal as a Psycho-physical Whole

An evolutionary theory which misses out the drive and the elementary learning ability is as nonsensical as would be one which missed out the animal's structure. Indeed, I myself would go further and say that evolutionary theory seems reasonable to zoologists only because, subconsciously at least, they are not and have never really been mechanists in the old sense but, on the contrary, regard the animal as a psychophysical whole. This view of animal nature perhaps takes us some way to explain some of the difficulties still facing evolutionary hypotheses.

As I have said, we seem justified in assuming that natural selection acting on the gene mutations provided by the organism has been by far and away the most important mechanism by which evolution has proceeded. And some have concluded from this that the direction of evolution is determined solely by external factors; in other words, that the whole course of the history of life upon earth has been controlled by selection and by selection only. But though this is at first sight plausible, and is a system which has strong attractions for some, it includes in fact some quite unwarrantable assumptions, the chief of which is that concerning randomness. Natural selection can of course only act upon the mutations which the organisms present to it. It is true that mutations are random in the technical or genetical sense, in that a high proportion of them appear at any one moment of evolutionary history to be random in respect of some particular needwhether it be a broadened hind limb with which to swim more effectively, or a better eye for night vision. But we now know that genes, including the lethal ones, may have many different effects according to the gene complex in which they find themselves. The gene which is clearly harmful in one stock or environment may, under slightly different genetic or ecological conditions, be of potentially great value. Thus we have no knowledge to justify our saying that a given gene, however deleterious and useless it may seem, can never be, or never have been, of value in the whole evolutionary life stretch of the group.

So we can assume that mutations are, in fact, restricted and are, indeed, for reasons into which I need not enter now, the more restricted the more specialised is the organism. Thus the idea that natural selection alone controls evolution, by taking its 'choice' from an infinite range of variations, is as far off the mark as is the idea that evolution is controlled in detail solely by the mutations which are produced. In actual fact both the internal and the external factors, that is both mutation and selection, both organism and environment, must always be working together to produce the effects we know.

#### A Real Creative Activity

Sir Ronald Fisher has recently pointed out† that the process of evolution by genetic variation and natural selection together is a real creative activity; and by this he means creative in the fullest sense of the word as used in ordinary speech. It has created new things and is still creating them, not by any mysterious élan vital within the organism and against the environment, but by a process which partakes of the very nature of the universe. A group of cosmologists have recently put forward the theory that matter is being continuously created. Whether that be true or not, it is certainly true that new forms and organisations of matter, living as well as non-living, are continuously being created. How far such a view of creation can be non-deterministic, as Fisher believes, still seems questionable; but we can at least say that if physics is fundamentally non-deterministic, as so many physicists now assume, then it is almost inconceivable that biology can be fundamentally and completely deterministic.

To sum up this view, then, we may say that the natural selection process, acting in co-operation with the process of genetic variation, is creative in the full meaning of the word, and Sir Ronald Fisher's arguments lead, I believe, to the conclusion that evolution involves an agent acting through the whole complex of life and its environment and expressing itself in all the myriad beauties and intricacies of the world of living things.

#### Meaning of Purpose

172

No one who thinks deeply about the problem of evolution can be content to overlook the ethical and theological implications of the appearance of purpose and the emergence of values as a result of the process of evolution. Whatever view we take about the nature and extent of individual purpose in the animal world, we cannot escape the tremendous implications of the sense of purpose displayed by man and the vast evolutionary potentialities which this has opened up. Huxley, in an earlier work, gloried in the paradox of what he then seemed to regard as an essentially purposeless mechanism, which after 1,000,000,000 years of blind and automatic operations finally generated purpose as one of the attributes of our own species and in so doing had, as he expressed it, 'superseded itself'. This is the dilemma of metaphysical materialists who, holding the philosophy of absolute emergence, are faced with the problem of deriving concepts of value from a situation which is first defined as being essentially valueless. Perhaps the dilemma is a false one, perhaps the value has been there all the time.

This question of purpose seems to me to be central to the whole argument. As I see it, we know there is purpose in human minds and we are virtually certain that it is present in a much lesser degree in many animals—though as we go down the animal scale evidence for it diminishes. Nevertheless we can assume that in a very elementary form it is characteristic of a number of stages of animal evolution. Biologically it can be defined as the use of variable means to an invariable goal.

The fact that there has also been purpose in evolution is accepted by a number of present-day evolutionary biologists, and this may obviously be a very different matter from a purpose residing within the individual. The presence of purpose in the process of gene mutation is perhaps plausible, but impossible to prove with our present knowledge; and in any case it cannot be envisaged as part of the individual purpose of the organism in any way. Nor can it be effective against selection or without the co-operation of selection. Purpose cannot be thought of as residing within the operations of natural selection alone. So it follows that purpose in evolution must again reside in the creative interaction of variation and selection. If the world is deterministic, then it must be assumed that purpose is everywhere embedded in the stuff of nature. If not, we are left with the belief that purpose enters into the universe through a non-deterministic creative agency, in such a manner that the process of interaction between gene-mutations and the selective influence of the whole environment—physical and biological—becomes truly creative and purposive. And this way of looking at nature not only seems to fit the scientific facts at present available better than any other: incidentally, it is also, I think, the most inspiring philosophically. For it means that the whole process of flux which is the web of life on earth, the whole vast operations of nature which we see like a pageant all round us today and in the rocks of past epochs, is nothing less than the eternal mill of Creation itself. •

#### Blind Mechanism and Spiritual Values

Many biologists have considered ethics as an outcome of what they have assumed to be a blind mechanism without appearing ever really to have faced the philosophical problems of the origin of moral and spiritual values from such a process. Theirs has been the same old difficulty: how to fashion a measure or yardstick for value out of a purely mechanistic system, and the vigour of their efforts has often blinded them to their own inconsistency when they speak of such things as morality, truth, responsibility, or the 'rightness of knowledge'. Some have even been ready to assert that the general trend of human evolution has been upward-not seeing that, in assuming that a study of evolution itself has provided them with their measuring rod, they are in fact, to change the metaphor, trying to pull themselves up by their own boot-strings. Here I think Huxley has made a big advance, and now writes in places as if he really believes that the values about which he is talking are primary and absolute in a sense which would be meaningless within a purely mechanistic, deterministic universe.

Of course we can define progress in biological terms, with a good deal

of plausibility, as an increase of variety in unity. And Huxley in doing this tries to disclaim the attribution to him of belief in any kind of perfecting principle. But he does claim to believe that from a study of evolution we can conclude that progress, while unpredictable in its particulars, is inevitable as a general fact; and later he argues that progressive evolution involves the realisation of new possibilities and involves also the primacy of human personality. But evolutionary time must have a stop, and evolutionary progress cannot be endless on an earth which all cosmologists agree is doomed, and he seems not to see that if the concept of 'value' means anything fundamental at all it implies a metaphysic that includes something other than a time-bounded system. Huxley regards properly developed human personalities as the highest products of evolution in that they have greater capacities and have reached a higher level of organisation than any other parts of the world's substance. Yet in spite of all this he still tries to regard his statement of beliefs as evolutionary humanism:

The weakness of the humanist position when carried to the lengths to which Huxley tries to carry it seems to me to be this: How could mystical awareness of a deeper reality have evolutionary survival value? -for this is what Huxley's argument seems to imply that it must do. In other words it seems to be the surpreme case of pre-adaptation. These faculties of the human mind-or, if you like, the human soulare pre-adapted, not by natural selection but by their intrinsic nature, ultimately to one thing and one thing only, that is to survival in another world. It is my view that no humanism can make sense of man's highest nature, only true religion can do that; and that is why Huxley, desperately clinging to the last shreds of his humanism, is so constantly driven to use the language of religion. If values are 'real', and if mysticism can give some real knowledge, then humanists must assume this to be a real emergent unrelated to what has gone before. Assuming that Huxley means what he says about man's destiny and idea of the sacred, has he not, in fact, left evolutionary humanism far behind?

Finally, Huxley boldly considers that the essentially Christian concepts which he again and again advances, and which he regards as the outcome of the evolutionary process, are in fact the climax of evolution as far as it has gone. And he sees that the time is coming sooner or later when man will project his own conscious purposes into evolution and will acquire the power of consciously controlling the course of his own evolution. Is it too fanciful to take Huxley at his word or, even, to go a step further and to suggest that the rise of Christianity is the necessary pre-adaptation for the next great phase in the evolutionary history of the world?

Huxley's views on evolutionary progress bring irresistibly to my mind that vast metaphysical affirmation of Whitehead's within which the next phase in creative evolution on this earth can be regarded as but a trivial step. Whitehead, at the end of his book Religion in the Making, says:

The universe shows us two aspects: on one side it is physically wasting, on the other it is spiritually ascending. It is thus passing with a slowness inconceivable in our measures of time, to new creative conditions.

#### How Science Can Help Religion

And these ideas we have been considering of the evolutionary process—the whole world-wide struggle for existence among animals and plants which can seem so grim and unlovely when looked at piecemeal and in one light—how transformed it can become when viewed in another perspective and in the light of a fuller understanding. This present view of evolution calls to mind another statement of Whitehead who elsewhere\* says:

That religion will conquer which can render clear to popular understanding some eternal greatness incarnate in the passage of temporal fact. Perhaps this is just what natural science will be able to help religion to do. Theologians and preachers who regard the evolutionary biologist as an opponent, or who try to make him into one, are, in my opinion, making a shocking error—little mitigated by the fact that the biologist on his side has also many grave errors to his discredit. In my view the two are natural allies. And when both sides come to see this more clearly one of the biggest intellectual and moral advances of recent times will be upon us.—Third Programme

In order to economise in imports, the Ministry of Housing organised experiments on the way to save softwood in building houses. The results of these experiments have been embodied in a booklet called *Houses that Save Softwood*, published by the Stationery Office, price 1s. 6d.

### The Lost Leader

#### W. BRIDGES-ADAMS on Harley Granville Barker

F, towards the end of his life, you looked up Harley Granville Barker in Who's Who, it would tell you that he was a playwright, a Doctor of Law, a Doctor of Letters (twice) and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature. Not one word about twenty years of struggle, and endurance, and triumph on the stage—almost as if this was a youthful indiscretion he preferred to forget. When you come across that sort of self-obliteration somewhere east of Suez, and not in a flat in the Etoile, you may be forgiven for

imagining you are on the track of a Joseph Conrad hero who is trying to trample on his past. That was not so. Barker always loved the theatre. But in my belief—and I knew him for many years—he became what he had always intended to

It was as Marchbanks in 'Candida' that I first set eves on him. He was twenty-seven. He had begun at fifteen in a musical show. He started in management at the Court Theatre in 1904, with six special matinees of 'Candida'. He was the best Marchbanks I have ever seen. He moved with the slightly dangerous grace of a very high-bred wild animal. You believed his name was in the peerage. You believed he had been sleeping on the Embankment, What is more, you believed he was a real poet, capable of flights far beyond anything the author had given him to say. That light voice of his, that unfitted him for some of the great Shaw parts like Tanner and Dick Dudgeon, did not matter here, any more than it prevented him from giving unforgettable performances as the painter in 'The Doctor's Dilemma' and the unfrocked priest in 'Iohn Bull's Other Island'.

He was tallish, loose-limbed; he had a good head; a shade too much forehead, you might think,

for a perfect leading man, until you saw him as Valentine in 'You Never Can Tell'; fine mobile eyes and brows, and a wonderfully determined mouth and chin. It was the face of a young man who would not spare himself, or other people, when there was any question of the work he was in the world to do. He was half Scottish, half Italian; a strange

compound of cold Italian passion, Scottish principle, Latin precision, and Nordic drive. Every true actor or dramatist has to be more than one kind of person, and I think there is some evidence of these two sides of Barker in his early plays. There is a serious-minded Barker who makes it as clear as Shakespeare does that he is firmly on the side of law and order, and a whimsical Barker who, also like Shakespeare, finds irregularity extremely attractive. It was the same when he collaborated with William Archer in a massive book that



Harley Granville Barker as Louis Dubedat in 'The Doctor's Dilemma' at the Court Theatre in 1906, with Lillah McCarthy as Mrs. Dubedat

put the case for a National Theatre. I picture the northern Barker taking on this immensely complicated task from motives of civic duty, and the southern Barker asking nothing more than to wear himself out doing shows, with plenty of money to spend.

If ever a theatre deserved plenty of money to spend, it was the

little Court under Barker. His policy was prodigally generous. What with the plays he felt he simply had to do, and the new plays he was calling into being, and the prospect of a short life and a gay one, there was no time at all for making money. How long he ran a success depended on how long it would take to rehearse the next production. Shaw, Euripides, Maeterlinck, Ibsen; Shaw, Hauptmann, Yeats, Hankin; Shaw, Galsworthy, Masefield, Barker—and, again, Shaw. It is remarkable how many of these plays are still in the world's repertoire. But sooner or later money had to rear its ugly head. He moved to the West End, in the hope of drawing a bigger public to a bigger house. Transfers of that kind are dangerous; and within four years of its beginning the venture was wound up in the nick of time.

Not long after this, Charles Frohman was persuaded to try a season of repertory at the Duke of York's. It lasted only a few weeks; but long enough for certain stories to circulate about Barker's new-fangled methods. I pass them on as they reached me. One was that Barker had sent his compliments to the cast and regretted to say he could hear them distinctly in the stalls. Malicious, but there was some truth behind it. Most young producers in nice little theatres get bitten by the intimacy bug, and Barker was at that time more at ease with the naturalism of Galsworthy than he was with the resounding platform style of Shaw; he did sometimes



Granville Barker's production of 'The Winter's Tale' at the Savoy Theatre in 1912: Lillah McCarthy making her first entry 'under a tremendous gold umbrella'

Illustrations: Mander-Mitchenson Theatre Collection

work deliberately for a kind of holy hush in which you had to strain your ears. And I fancy it was Barrie who said to one of his cast, in imitation of Barker's manner, 'I want you to come on like a man who has a brother in Gloucestershire'. Absurd, of course: but are there not producers today who get what they want, sometimes, by just that kind of surrealist suggestion?

At all events, Barker's powers of suggestion were enough to fill a rehearsal room with magic on the greyest morning. An actor who did not find a Barker rehearsal stimulating could count himself dead from the waist upwards. He was not given to wit, but his rather dry humour was everywhere; he had a nimble fancy; his imagination was like a flame. He had an extraordinary ear for tone and stress and rhythm; like Poel, he held his first rehearsals round a table, to get our voices right. His authority came from himself, and was absolute; he was not at all a pompous, quarter-deck kind of producer. I do not remember any ugly scenes at rehearsal: although you might-and I certainly did -experience the more salutory anguish of being out of key. If things were not going as he liked, he might pace to and fro, groaning a little. If you stopped, he might rather disconcertingly say: Go on. Go on'. If there was nothing for it but to turn and rend you, his rebuke was not sardonic, like Irving's, or heavily impish, like Tree's. It was more like the cut of a surgeon's knife, and was often administered with a winning smile. During a lunch interval I was in the Haymarket, looking glumly at a model liner. Harold Chapin, his stage manager, came by. 'I would', said Chapin. 'Would what?' I asked. 'Emigrate', said

#### A New Line

Barker was now thirty-five and we all knew there was a lot more in him yet. So far, we had thought of him chiefly as a master of delicate realism. His handling of Galsworthy's 'Justice' at the Duke of York's had gone about as far in that direction as it was possible to go. Perhaps he knew this. Anyway, he suddenly struck out along a new line. When a couple of successes had brought him some measure of security, he put on a production of a Greek play in which he threw realism to the winds. And then he turned his attention to Shakespeare.

He had done a little Shakespeare years before, in an honest and orthodox fashion. What he now planned was not entirely new, because many influences were playing upon him; but it was courageous, and in its effect it was revolutionary. The scenic treatment of Shakespeare in the grand manner had reached its height under Irving at the Lyceum. At His Majesty's, under Tree, it was still more gorgeously, and to most people quite imperceptibly, on the downgrade. William Poel, the lonely apostle of Elizabethan staging, had battered his head in vain against the Lyceum; but Tree-I do not know whether it was chivalry or benevolent guile—had actually given hospitality to a Poel show; times were changing. Now Barker was a disciple of Poel, and had learned from him, in 'Richard II', something of the free and flowing action of Shakespeare's theatre, and of what Hamlet really meant by a speech spoken trippingly on the tongue. But if Barker had set up an Elizabethan stage at the Savoy, there were not Poelites enough in London to keep him going for a week. His daring notion was to thrust the Poel doctrine down the throats of a West End public that had been nourished on the splendour of His Majesty's. If the gamble was to succeed, whatever he did must be spectacular without the help of scenery, real without realism. He must out-Poel Poel, and out-Tree Tree, in a single superb gesture, and at the same time he must try to carry with him every movement, in the theatre or even out of it, that was heading for progress in the arts.

He began at the Savoy with 'The Winter's Tale' in September, 1912, and we quickly saw how skilfully—more than skilfully—he had done what he set out to do. Gordon Craig's genius derived from the Lyceum, and the Court Theatre way had not been Craig's way at all. Nevertheless, there were acknowledgments to Craig now, in a setting of tall white pylons against a limitless expanse of white. There were acknowledgments to Poel in an uncut text, in clear, rapid, lightly-stressed speech, and in continuous action on an open stage. Admirers of Reinhardt who had been recently in Berlin noticed that Barker had taken a hint or two from Reinhardt's fairy-tale production of the same play. He had remembered even the folk-song and morris-dance people, and the people whom Dolmetsch had taught to understand sixteenth-century music. As for the steady Shakespeareans from His Majesty's, they were invited to forget about wings and backcloths and join with the Russian Ballet enthusiasts in the contemplation of such colour—so pure and sharp against that universal whiteness—as had never been seen in a theatre.

If you ask in a shocked voice whether all this is not as much as to say that Barker was not original, I can only answer that if you apply that yardstick to Shakespeare you will be more shocked still. Every legitimate work of art knows its own father and mother, even its uncles and aunts. The thing to admire in Barker is not so much the cool-headedness with which he brought these elements together as the fierce creative energy with which he fused them into one. He found himself immediately in the forefront of the European stage. For, make no mistake about it, Barker gave us not only Poel-de-luxe, but also nearly as much fun-and-games as Tree had done. And there is no denying that in point of preparedness, efficiency, slickness; of apparently confident spending that looked for a hundred nights' run; of a seductive discarding of tradition that was already a winning card in the other arts; in short, of giving the town something to talk about at dinner—in all these respects young Barker left old Poel far behind.

The effect of these shows on a friend of mine who is now an elderly and celebrated critic was to send him away into the country in a state of immense excitement with the whole of Shakespeare, which he read slap through. Today, when the one thing we ask of a Shakespeare production is that it shall not be traditional, it is hard to convey to you how fresh and vital they were. Perhaps I can do it more convincingly if I try to think of some points in which Barker seemed to me to fall short of perfection. I can think of several, though of few that he could have avoided in the circumstances in which he found himself. For instance, everything was-to my taste-a little too tee-edup, as they say. The challenge to tradition was too strident. I have never seen an audience more mentally alive, but that was partly because we were wondering all the time what Barker was going to do next. It was as though he knew there could be no half-measures; the public must be taken by storm or not at all-which I believe was the precise fact. Even the fantastic draperies, that took the place of Tree's front cloths and Poel's traverse curtains, came down with a defiant flop, as if Barker himself had hurled them at us from the flies, saying 'There! What d'you think of that?

For in a single season he could not school a whole company into perfect harmony with his design: and it was on his designers, in the literal sense, that he had to rely at least for the visual harmonising of the show. And his designers contrived such prodigies of invention that in this strenuously anti-scenic Shakespeare they tended to run away with it. People who would have blushed to speak of going to His Majesty's to see the scenery spoke without shame of going to the Savoy to see the décor. The heart of 'The Winter's Tale 'is a simple story of a mother driven from her own fireside. But the first appearance of Miss Lillah McCarthy under a tremendous gold umbrella was so stunning that I cannot remember as much of her Hermione as I would like to. Ainley's Leontes came as near great acting as can be when one man's performance is dominated by another man's brain. I shall always remember the thunder of his voice and the nightmare splendour of his jealousy as he paced up and down beside the brazier with madness in his eyes-the finest spectacle of the evening. But I cannot for the life of me remember whether that madness was on him when the play began, or whether it pounced on him in a flash: and that is the kind of thing Irving would have made you remember to your dying day.

#### 'Twelfth Night'

The next play was 'Twelfth Night'; and there is another celebrated critic who will still tell you it was the best Shakespeare he ever saw. I agree, as to its lightheartedness and 'go', and beauty for your eyes and ears; and it was a delight to be rid of the musty comic business and see Sir Toby and Sir Andrew played as gentlemen. But, again, ought one not to remember more of the letter scene than the dazzling radiation of Malvolio's cloak? All I remember is that it drew a gasp from the women in the house when he turned upstage. And then there were the gold fairies in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'. The trouble with the stylistic treatment of Shakespeare is that it is not easy to be stylistic without being—what shall I say?—stylish, sophisticated, towny. Shakespeare was first and last a countryman; and his fairies, although they have a wealth of classical allusion on the tips of their tongues and can turn a pretty compliment to royalty, are first and last country fairies. They are scurrying, scudding, skimming creatures, not static little figurines on a London mantelpiece-which I confess were what I thought of when I saw the fairies at the Savoy. To the minority of whom I was one it seemed as if the management had not altogether held with fairies, but had been confident they could be produced, if one only thought hard enough and found the proper formula.

And there is no denying that there was in Barker a strain of temperate, fastidious rationalism that rather distrusted the time-honoured apparatus of stage illusion. He showed it in his clear white lighting. I am convinced it was his intention to let fresh air and daylight into Shakespeare because they were wholesome things. Poel, like Irving, had made play with light and shadow; so, in his realist days, had Barker. But in 'The Winter's Tale' and 'Twelfth Night' he swept shadows from the stage as if they harboured germs. It was a hygienic light, the sort of light a surgeon likes to have above his operating table. It was a strictly democratic light, falling equally on principals and supers. And the stage it lit was as neat and mathematical as a chessboard.

In the 'Dream' there was coloured lighting; there had to be. And I have often wondered whether, when he tackled the great tragedies—above all, when the rest of him began to draw level with that commanding brain—he would have come to look more kindly on the harmless intoxicants of the theatre. But as to that we can only guess, because Europe, most irrationally, went to war. Barker put on Hardy's 'The Dynasts' as an appropriate salute to the time, and joined the Red Cross in France. And there was the last of him as a directly active force in the theatre.

It was a profound pity. He was thirty-seven; he was of the type that flowers early and ripens late; and, as I have hinted, I do not believe he was yet fully mature. The small criticisms I have scraped up to show you I was not his blind admirer really amount to nothing more than a suggestion that he was still trying his hand. If that infernal war could have been held back only a few years he might have set up a firm new tradition to replace the old tradition he had demolished. He inspired devotion, and he was gathering about him a company that might have become the flesh and blood of the National Theatre he was still striving for; even the bricks and mortar might have followed.

But those of us who bewailed him—and reproached him—as a lost leader forgot that some time before he had come to the characteristically cool decision that when he reached middle-age he would retire from the theatre and write. Even if he had not, do you remember what happened to the English stage during the first war? 'The damned artistic desert of the last five years'—that is from a letter to me in 1919. If Barker had come back to the theatre on his old footing and without a millionaire behind him, he would have been jostled out of it in six months by strange men with strange names and accents who were gambling in profit rentals. A splendid tough like Cochran could survive that racket. But Barker was not a tough; he was a perfectionist who had reached a time in his life when he must either do a thing supremely well or leave it alone. He left it alone. He had never gone downhill, nor did he now. He produced a little for the other managements. But he had snapped the thread of his career, and he settled down to write. He was still writing when he died, thirty years later.

He became what he intended to be. In all those years he showed no regret. He never even felt that queer excitement that many retired theatre-people feel towards evening—what you might call the 'overture-and-beginners' feeling. In my belief, it was in this retirement, free of the bothers of management, that he really came to maturity. Today, if you want to get at the best of Barker as a producer, there is no need to delve into theatrical archives: all you need do is to get hold of his *Prefaces to Shakespeare*, which he wrote after giving

up the stage.

They are commentaries, these *Prefaces*, but of a kind that never was before. They spring not from the study but from the boards of the theatre; there is an eager life in them that you do not as a rule find in commentaries. His 'Othello' study is almost as moving as the play. In fact, you cannot say he has abandoned the stage: he is more on it than ever, discovering much more than he had time to do at the Savoy; every play a show and every character a part; everywhere the same alert spirit that made his rehearsals a delight. They are a positively triumphal record of everything he would have liked to do; and it is an ironic thought that already they are a legacy more worth having than our pieced-together memories of what he did.—*Third Programme* 

The Queen's Generation-VI

# Babylon, Baedeker, and Blinkers

#### By ANTHONY SMITH

T was in 1950 that I and three friends made a 4,000-mile journey in a truck from England to the south of Persia. It was certainly a pleasant and eventful experience but when I came to write a book about it afterwards I suddenly realised how much we had not done on that trip. We had driven through Damascus and had not visited Baalbek. We had driven through Baghdad and had not even asked how many miles it was to Babylon. We had driven right past the famous rock carvings at Bisitun and had not even thought of slowing down to look at them. The whole journey seemed, when I tried to write the book, just a series of things which we had not done.

The reason, when I began to think about it, was that all four of us were obsessed with an idea to get to Kirman, a town in the south of Persia which had been chosen as our destination for a whole lot of reasons. Probably one of them had been the need for a definite place to go to, but once the idea of going to Kirman had been decided upon we seemed utterly incapable of thinking of anywhere else. The other objects in going to Kirman seem even pettier and even more insignificant. My own was to discover if one species of blind, white fish lived there. This seems to be a poor sort of goal to take someone more than 4,000 miles. It seems even poorer when you stop to think of all that there was to be seen on either side of the particular 4,000 miles that we drove and travelled over.

But the point is not whether a study of that fish is more important or more valuable than a study of the ancient monuments which we passed on the way, but whether such a definite, deliberate, and fixed objective is a good thing. Should we know exactly where we are going, and precisely what we intend to do when we get there?

On that particular journey our objects and intentions had to be made definite beforehand so that we could extract money from various scientific and other bodies. Therefore, the fish story came into being partly

to get us the cash, but the question remains as to whether or not such a rigid intention can be justified apart from the diminutive speck of knowledge which this sort of research may or may not add to science. Robert Byron, the traveller and writer of the nineteen-thirties, who was killed in the last war, wrote in one of his books:

One knows these modern travellers, these overgrown prefects and pseudo-scientific bores despatched by congregations of extinguished officials to see if sand dunes sing and snow is cold. They penetrate the furthest recesses of the globe; and beyond ascertaining that sand dunes do sing and snow is cold, what do they observe to enlarge the human mind? Nothing.

I wonder who the man was who first said that 'travel broadens the mind'. The first time I went to the Continent I had not any intention of doing anything quite so positive and beneficial. The idea in my mind was just to go to the Continent and enjoy myself while I was there. But somewhere I had a superstition that the mere covering of miles, the mere inspection of another country would all be very beneficial even though my inspection would only be at menu cards and cheaper forms of lodging house. I thought of tourism not as a crowd of gaping foreigners but as a worth-while pursuit. So I set off with my Baedeker in my hand and started hitch-hiking my way around.

The first car took me where the first car was going, as I had no definite desire to go anywhere else. I just wanted to drift, to go where I pleased and to see all that I wanted to see. This type of undergraduate jaunt occurred during most of my vacations, but some, due to the companions that I went with, were far less drifting than others. Once, I and a friend visited every bit of Norman mosaic in Sicily. Another time I sailed a canoe down the Italian coast solely because the two of us thought it would be fun to see if we could get the canoe to Rome. Gradually, I began to see the advantage of having an objective, however

trivial, and gradually my Baedeker sank further and further to the bottom of my rucksack.

But I wish that picture of the enthusiastic 'Baedeker' traveller to remain in order to compare him with others whose objectives have been more fixed. My wanderings have been too small and too diminutive for real comparison but the travellings and expeditions of others are more than sufficient to provide examples. As a complete contrast from this 'Baedeker' traveller there have been individuals like Colonel Fawcett, the explorer who was lost in the South American jungle. His intentions were so fixed that he kept on returning to the jungle until he never came out again. Judging from descriptions of his travels, it seems rather more surprising that he ever came out from his earlier expeditions. But that is not the point. The real matter is, what made him do it and what were his motives? The actual tasks which he undertook seemed to be subsidiary to his main desire: 'I knew I loved that hell', he wrote. 'Its fiendish grasp had captured me and I wanted to see it again'. This is quite a different thing from an apparent wish to straighten out a few of South America's boundaries.

#### Captain Scott and the South Pole

Again, take Captain Scott. Of all the places in the world to go he chose the South Pole. With him, too, there were secondary objectives: the scientific data that they collected, the eighty pounds of geological specimens they dragged along, and the planting of a Union Jack when they got there. But behind these, what stronger motives were there? If it was just patriotism why did he bother with science? Or if science then why be bothered with patriotism and aim for a point which was unlikely scientifically to be of great interest? Was it not that patriotism and science both justified his personal desire to be first at the South Pole?

The research scientists of today have the same sort of motive and singleness of purpose. That particular minute aspect of the subject they are investigating, the study perhaps of one feature of the action of one virus, was never in their minds when they took up the subject originally. Perhaps that particular virus action or even that virus had not been known about a couple of years before, but it does provide a most definite objective. Yet if that objective had not presented itself the scientist would have found another, and it would have served just as well. It is the desire or longing behind the objectives that really matters.

But whatever the cause, once the particular excuse or objective has been chosen it very readily becomes the dominant feature. All thoughts and plans and ideas centre on that goal, and an obsession with that goal comes into being. You call this either 'splendid determination' or 'stupid and idiotic pig-headedness' according to your point of view. The 'Baedeker' traveller would laugh because of the obsessed one's field of vision. He would say that the obsession had blinkered him and he could see nothing else but that goal in front of him and could think of no more than those difficulties which he was deliberately going to get involved in. The man with blinkers on would not even be aware of the 'Baedeker' man and would certainly take no time off to criticise or admire or reprove his different ways. The goal is enough and that, save for the host of preparatory minutiae which go with it, is sufficient. His self-imposed blinkers keep all irrelevant images from being seen. But blinkers are all very well if he happened to have been looking in the right direction when he put them on. A horse has a horseman to see to that. The explorer has no horseman and gallops on with all his 'splendid determination', or, if you like, 'stupid and idiotic pig-

But this obsession, this *idée fixe*, this mad careering past Babylons and Baalbeks, could very easily be called fanaticism. Admittedly, we four on our little carefree jaunt to Persia were by no means fanatics, but we were, in our own humble way, on the bottom rung of a ladder which most certainly has fanaticism or blind pursuit at the top of it. Christopher Columbus, with his ship's complement of prisoners, his religious fervour, and his desire to reach Cathay, was a long way off from us and somewhere at the top of it. He was a fanatic. Determination, stubbornness, pigheadedness, and a definite goal were all there and his fierce desire could undoubtedly be called fanaticism.

The dictionary describes fanaticism as 'mistaken enthusiasm'. I agree that dictionaries may be wrong and will always have to lag behind any changes of meaning which occur in the language but I think, after a protracted kind of second thought, that we do consider fanaticism to be enthusiasm that has gone slightly off the rails and is therefore mistaken. Yet if we happen to be heart and soul on the

side of the fanatic, then we no longer call his sentiments fanatical. Instead, we look upon them as being identical with our own ideals and desires and ambitions because we are then disciples, and no disciple would ever describe his master as a fanatic. But when we are viewing this same individual from a distance and have not been caught up with his ideologies, creeds, or beliefs, then the word fanatic does creep up on us.

Also it is the opinion of very many that all things should be in moderation; with zeal, deliberate aims, and goals definitely so. These people might very easily say we want gradual but definite improvement, and not cataclysms or revolutions. Fanatics are not biding their time, they are trying to hurry things too much and should therefore be prevented—like the despairing doctor in 'Thunder Rock' who realised that someone would have discovered chloroform sooner or later and with far less trouble. He, too, would have thought in terms of evolution and not of revolution, and would have said that fanatics are impatient and do not stop to think of the effects of their impatience.

Doubtless, the changes of today, the jerks and alterations and revolutions will—in time—become smoother so that words like 'decline' and 'growth' and 'shift' and 'phase'—all gradual words—will be used to describe the activities of our generation. But the significance does not lie in the attitude towards these changes 1,000 years from now, but in their importance to us at their present time.

Any individual who has an obsession and who follows it must be considered in relation to his fellow individuals. People thinking in terms of aeroplanes fifty years ago cannot be compared with people today who rather think that they would like to learn to fly. It is in relation to their fellow individuals that they stand out and lead the way. The mass of people will inevitably be behindhand, and the minority ahead of them will always be branching away from them. It has been said that the minority is always right but, even so, those tangents that are being travelled along, those obsessions that are being pursued, those fixed intentions that are being adhered to, are nearly all either foolhardy, useless, or evil. But they must be there for changes to be effected, even though the bulk of them will be wrong and harmful. Yet I believe the minority is right for the sole reason that there must always be minorities, there must always be the random offshoots, the apparently mad and worthless endeavours, the strugglings of those who are determined to follow the course upon which they have set out.

#### 'Worth Doing'

To revert to Persia and those blind, white fish. Even though it is such a diminutive and puny example of what I have wanted to say, I think that a lorry-load of students careering past Baalbeks and Babylons is good only if they are after something. Even, suppose, no scientific facts came out of our trip, even if nothing was achieved by it, and even if we have nothing to show for it, I still think that it was worth doing if only because we had done the one thing which at that time we had wanted to do more than anything else. Moreover, from the point of view of someone wishing to understand a country, I do not think that he will ever do it by stopping and staring at it, by trying to see all, to realise all, and to broaden the mind by doing so. By pursuing a course like hunting for blind fish you can live there, in the villages and in the hills, far more fully than you would ever do otherwise. I am deeply grateful to the fish which were at the bottom of it all because of the incidents, happenings, and activities we experienced and because they enabled me to appreciate many more of the finer points of the land that we had gone to visit.

So even though the pursuance of wishes and desires, whether they are thought by others to be sane or idiotic, valuable or utterly point-less—even though following them may lead to obsession in some, to fanaticism in others, probably to evil and possibly to good, I think that, whatever else we do, the risks of following one's own wishes should be taken.—Home Service

Three annual reports have just been published. The annual report of the Central Committee for Adult Education in H.M. Forces states: 'There is no doubt that had more money been available more work would have been done, for uncertainty about finance in the early part of the year led to the curtailment of the work'. The joint annual report for 1952-53 of the North East Development Association and the Northern Industrial Group gives a warning that there is a good deal of uncertainty about the future of shipbuilding. The annual report of the City Analyst of Salford for 1952 contains some interesting observations on the subject of 'dairy cream ices', 'ice cream lollies', and imported crab paste.

# Population and Family Limitation

By DAVID GLASS

WAS both stimulated and puzzled by the talk on population which Mr. Colin Clark gave us last March.\* Stimulated, because Mr. Clark always makes challenging observations and puts them forward in the most telling way. But puzzled, too, because I seemed to run against a number of internal contradictions in what he said. One of my difficulties is to know precisely against whom or what Clark is directing his criticism. That he attacks panicmongers is clear, and I am with him there, of course. But he focuses especially on Malthus and the Malthusians, and I do not recognise the Malthus who is being expounded. I myself do not accept the Malthusian theory as a long-run analysis of the development of society. Nor do I believe that Malthus was free from responsibility for the use which nineteenth-century politicians made of his theory. But, all the same, the views which Clark condemns are not those of Malthus.

#### The Views of Malthus

Malthus was not a protagonist of depopulation—he deplored it. And he did not see 'nothing but evil' in population pressure. On the contrary, his view was not so unlike that of Clark himself. Though he did not want population to increase too rapidly, he thought that the capacity of population to grow faster than the means of subsistence was itself a mainspring of economic and social progress. That is why his precepts of individual conduct took the form they did. In essence, he believed that either individuals had deliberately to control their own rate of increase so as to keep it in line with the increase of the means of subsistence, or else to take the consequences of having population cut back by famine, disease, or war. And-again in contrast to Clark's interpretation—Malthus was much concerned to eliminate such checks on population as famine and disease—positive checks, as he called them. Indeed, he asserted that the 'best criterion of happiness and good government' was the 'smallness' of the death rates in infancy and childhood. That being so, Malthus was bound to argue for what he called the preventive checks-for control by society of its own demographic destiny. But the only preventive check he regarded as acceptable was moral restraint—by which he meant the postponement of marriage until a man had the means to support a family. He rejected birth control, not only as being unnatural and immoral, but also just because he believed in the stimulus of large families to the individual and to the community. If, he thought, parents could simply decide to have no more children than they wanted—could limit them by a wish, as he said—then individuals and humanity at large would tend to become indolent. And in that case, he concluded, 'neither the population of individual countries, nor of the whole earth, would ever reach its natural and proper extent'.

#### Conscience or Fatalism?

Another point which puzzles me is Mr. Clark's attitude to population policy. Looking simply at what he said, I cannot get a clear impression of his argument. He begins by asserting that, as a matter of natural right, children should 'be born in accordance with the wishes and consciences of their parents'. Again, I am with him there, for I myself regard voluntary parenthood as the indispensable basis of any reasonable population policy. Yet I wonder if Colin Clark had that in mind. For when he praises the Indian peasant woman for—to use his own words—'placing God at the centre of her universe', is he really talking about someone who has a large family deliberately and in accordance with the dictates of conscience? Or is it rather someone who fatalistically accepts whatever happens—the birth of such children who chance to be conceived, as well as the deaths of those who happen to die?

I also wonder a little about the relation between Mr. Clark's views on population policy and his demand—entirely justifiable in his terms, of course—that in matters of population, as no doubt in all other matters, we should place God, not economics, at the centre of our universe. For in fact he bases his argument for larger families in

Britain on political and economic grounds. And in France, whose population policy he appears to praise, the bases of pro-natalism are not religious or ethical, but political and economic: to increase the rate of population growth so as to meet shortages of labour and to restore the political power of the nation. So much so, in fact, that it is an essential part of French policy to prohibit the dissemination of information on birth control and the sale of contraceptives. Hence French policy imposes a very powerful restriction upon the wishes and consciences of parents.

There are other questions about Mr. Clark's arguments which I might raise in the same way. But I do not think there is much point in doing so, for the problems of population growth and economic development are too complex and too serious to be treated by a backand-forth argument on particular points of interpretation or disagreement. What is more important is to look at some of the main problems which have to be taken into account in considering the implications of population trends and the bases of policy.

The central problem, as I see it, is the relation between population growth and economic development. There are two parts to this. The first is the impact of economic and social conditions on people's behaviour. Clark says that children should 'be born in accordance with the wishes and consciences of their parents'. Can we assume that those wishes and consciences are unaffected by economic and social circumstances? And secondly, is it true, as Clark seems to believe, that a growing population is always a stimulus to economic development?

#### No Simple Rule

On the first question, the facts do not suggest that parents' wishes or attitudes are fixed regardless of circumstances or that those wishes are immutably in favour of large families and rapid population growth. To begin with, there is no simple rule. Low levels of living and uncontrolled fertility do not necessarily go together. There are many examples of communities which, with low levels of living or in response to population pressure, have made strenuous efforts to control their natural increase. Infanticide and abortion are not uncommon in primitive societies, and were apparently widespread in seventeenthand eighteenth-century Japan. Abortion is still widespread in presentday Japan and also in France. Even in Catholic Ireland, the desire to control population growth has been a major fact since the potato famine in the mid-nineteenth century, though control in that country has been through emigration and through the postponement or avoidance of marriage. Nor is the existence of large families in itself evidence of a lack of desire to control family size. Today, fertility in India is largely uncontrolled. But recent studies suggest that significant numbers of Hindu women are beginning to reject the idea of unrestricted

There are, too, many examples of communities in which changes in aspirations or in standards of living have been accompanied by changed attitudes to the size of the family and by the increasing control of fertility. Western countries are, of course, the most outstanding cases here. In France, family size was already falling in the late eighteenthcentury—before Malthus produced his Essay. In Britain the fall did not occur until a century later but today the vast bulk of married couples in this country practise birth control and wish to practise it. Within western countries, religious belief has an important influence on the control of family size. And in western countries—and to a much lesser extent in Asia—there are usually differences between people at different economic or social levels. The less well-off parents tend to have the larger families. In Britain, for example, families of manual workers are about forty per cent, larger than those of black-coated and other non-manual workers. But overriding these differences has been the general development in the west, during the past century, of increasing control of family size, spreading among Protestants and Catholics, rich and poor.

On the second question—whether population growth stimulates economic development—again, I do not believe there is a simple and categorical answer, regardless of the rate of growth or of the economic

and social circumstances in which that growth takes place. It is true that in the west the past 150 years have seen both considerable population growth and marked technical and economic development. But it does not necessarily follow that population growth was the mainspring, or that under-developed countries would react in the same way. Indeed, in looking at world prospects during the next half-century, I doubt if there is a very solid basis for optimism to be derived from the experience of the west. For that experience relates to different economic and social circumstances and even to different rates of population increase.

#### Nineteenth-century Changes

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, the populations of western countries were generally not very dense in relation to the methods of agriculture. Many of the countries had reached a relatively high level of economic and social development—high enough for the communities to absorb the rapid technical, social, and political changes of the nineteenth century, though even so the transition was not entirely smooth. At the same time, there was enough flexibility to provide a buffer against dislocation. Pressure on production was not so great as to prevent poor relief from being given, however grudgingly, to take the shock of displaced labour. And then 50,000,000 people emigrated from Europe to the New World after the middle of the century—people who went to areas where extensive cultivation produced great surpluses for export, and offered markets for Europe's products and for investment which increased output still further.

And, anyway, European population growth in the nineteenth century was not so very rapid. In the second half of the century it ran to about 8 per 1,000 per year. For Europe, Russia and the New World combined, it ran to about 11 per 1,000—just over one per cent. per year. By the time that substantial reductions in mortality were taking place, family size was already falling, so we never experienced in the west the undiluted impact of markedly reduced mortality on population growth. But in the under-developed countries where modern medicine is fully applied, two or three generations may see much more rapid population growth than Europe experienced in the nineteenth century; that is, unless fertility falls fairly sharply. In some countries—in parts of Latin America, for example—present rates of natural increase are already running as high as two per cent. per year. In Africa and Asia—leaving aside Japan—current rates of increase may be around 8 per 1,000, even though there is now very high mortality. But the available means for reducing mortality are far more effective than those by which the death rates of the western world were cut during the nineteenth century. And surely there can be no justification, either on ethical or on practical grounds, for withholding, in the under-developed areas, the new means of preventing premature death. Yet if family size remains unchanged, even a small reduction in mortality will add considerably to population growth. If the rate of growth in Africa and Asia, leaving aside Japan, rose only from 8 per 1,000 to 10 per 1,000 per year, the total population would grow by some 500,000,000 in the next thirty years.

#### Problem of the Next Two or Three Generations

It is this problem of the next two or three generations that we have to face. I agree with Clark that the very long-term future, with its wide range of possibilities, is really beyond our consideration. But to increase production sufficiently in the short run to support the population we may expect, raises some difficult questions. It is not simply a technical problem. There are also cultural obstacles. Just because present levels of living and of economic and social development are low in many of the under-developed areas, their capacity to carry through rapid increases in production is limited. In some parts of Africa, the incentive to produce beyond the minimum required for oneself and one's family is lacking. That is understandable; but it does not provide a very good basis for a rapid increase in total output. In India there are religious obstacles to the improvement of dairying-and dairying is recommended by Clark as one easy means of raising agricultural production. And more intensive cultivation—another possible way out—is very much handicapped by the fact that, because of deforestation, manure is used for fuel rather than as a fertiliser. To go beyond the relatively simple improvements in India would probably require fundamental social change, including the rapid break-up of the caste system. Moreover, substantial changes in agricultural and industrial techniques would demand much new capital.

In a report prepared for the United Nations, it was estimated that over £3,000,000,000 a year of new capital from abroad will be needed in under-developed countries if present population increase is to be met and per capita national income raised by two per cent. per year. If large supplies of new capital are to be provided, the ideas of the west must change. We must come to accept transfers between countries, just as we now accept transfers of income, by taxation, between social classes within countries.

These difficulties have to be tackled, though whether or not they can be surmounted in the short run I do not know. But even if they can be, there is still another aspect of the question to be considered. Would not the problems of transition to a new technology and to higher levels of living in under-developed countries be eased if, as mortality fell, fertility fell also, so that population growth was somewhat slower than at present? If that happened, the populations would have smaller proportions of dependants, old and young, to support. They would be more efficient as working populations, and they would not need to spend so large a part of their national income on basic food, clothing, and housing. Expanded production could be used more effectively to create new capital equipment and to provide social services-education and health services, for instance—which in the long run would lead to still higher levels of living. And technological change might be kept at a rate more easily absorbed by the countries—there might be less dislocation.

That brings me to my final point: the control of fertility. Clark has asserted that no political leader and no economist has 'the slightest right to interfere with the birth of children'. I accept that because, as I have already said, I regard voluntary parenthood as the only valid basis of population policy. But I see no conflict between that and the practice of birth control. There is evidence for many periods of history and for many different societies of a desire by individuals to control their fertility. In recent times, this desire has spread throughout the west, and not as a result of political coercion. On the contrary, contraception has been practised increasingly in spite of much opposition from the state and from religious bodies. This wider practice has come about as a result of changed circumstances —of the fact, for example, that in the west most children born now survive to adulthood; of the heightened concern of parents for the welfare and prospects of their children; and of the new aspirations which parents have for themselves. And the heightened concern and new aspirations have in turn played their part in the transformation of western society. Far from regretting this, I see many reasons why a similar process should be encouraged in under-developed areas. As for the moral issues involved, I regard the control of fertility as far easier to defend than the fatalism, only too often springing from chronic poverty, which accepts the fact that almost five out of every ten children now born in under-developed areas die before their twentieth birthdays.

But let me make it quite clear that I am not proposing birth control as a substitute for economic development. Whether or not fertility is controlled, we must do everything to help increase production and improve levels of living in the under-developed areas. What I am suggesting is that family limitation will make the task easier and that it will at the same time raise the dignity of human life in places where, unfortunately, it is now held very cheap.—Third Programme

# Dream and Thing

This is the thing, this truly is the thing. We dreamt it once; now it has come about. That was the dream, but this, this is the thing. The dream was bold and thought it could foretell What time would bring, but time, it seems, can bring Only this thing which never has had a doubt That everything is much like everything, And the deep family likeness will come out. We thought the dream would spread its folded wing; But here's a thing that's neither sick nor well, Stupid nor wise, and has no story to tell, Though every tale is about it and about. That is the thing, that is the very thing. Yet take another look and you may bring From the dull mass each separate splendour out. There is no trust but in the miracle.

EDWIN MUIR

# Gandhi, Keynes, and the Spinning-Wheel

By S. MOOS

N western eyes Gandhi appears as an enemy of technical progress, an old-fashioned romantic who had strayed into the twentieth century, carrying his spinning-wheel with him. How far is this impression accurate? Gandhi never claimed to be an economist; his approach to economic issues can only be understood within the framework of his philosophy. Foreign trade, industrial relations, the size and location of firms or any economic measure were to be judged according to one principle: whether or not they heightened the likelihood of violence. This was to be the supreme test of civilisation. To produce, exchange, or consume things was only meaningful so far as these activities helped man in his search for truth, light, and love; the mere prolongation of life for its own sake would be senseless and would leave man without inspiration.

#### Practical Politician and Idealist

To give an example of this attitude: in 1950 the All Indian Congress Committee published a document entitled Our Immediate Programme; one of its principal objectives which it entrusted to the Planning Commission was 'the growth of the human personality in all its aspects'. This—to western ears rather startling—task is to be found side by side with plans for the use of dead animals for manuring purposes and with the problem of capital formation. So Gandhi was both a practical politician and an idealist. In fact, he himself said, 'I am not a visionary, I claim to be a practical idealist'. It seems to me that western opinion is largely based on Gandhi's early period, when he condemned all aspects of modern civilisation. 'The railways, telegraphs, hospitals, lawyers, doctors, and such-like all have to go', he wrote in his Confession of Faith in 1909. Gandhi later modified his resistance to the benefits of civilisation; just the same, the question remains whether his enthusiasm for the spinning-wheel, his preoccupation with the Indian village and the Indian peasant, and his hostility to large-scale enterprise, lacked realism.

To answer this question one has to accept two points arising from Gandhi's philosophy and from India's economic conditions. The first is that the ultimate purpose of economic activity is to create conditions most favourable to man's spiritual development, to his independence, to his self-realisation, and to his acceptance of personal responsibility. The second assumption—based on the first—is that these aims cannot be realised in a state of idleness or complete lack of economic independence. From these assumptions it follows that unemployment is the most serious of all economic problems, and it seems that the determination to cure this evil formed one of the pillars of Gandhi's thought. How far could he accept western solutions?

In advanced industrial countries, better machines and better organisation lead to higher incomes, to lower prices, or to a shorter working week, and any temporary unemployment created by technical improvement can be overcome by such measures as retraining or the encouragement of mobility. For this reason the late Lord Keynes and his followers of the full-employment school concentrated their attention on the type of unemployment resulting from a maladjusted national economy. It was believed to arise from lack of balance in the distribution of a nation's income and expenditure, leading to a deficiency of demand and to a glut of savings. It was to be cured by attempts to increase expenditure, to absorb idle savings, and to utilise idle machines. The main phenomena with which Keynes' New Economics' concerned itself were the excess capacity to produce and the insufficent demand by government and industry to use all current savings for new productive purposes. But in India this western type of maladjustment contributes only a small share to her total unemployment.

Four out of five of India's 360,000,000 people depend on agriculture for their living; and only a small fraction of industrial workers are employed in large-scale industry. Agricultural employment is dominated by seasons: between the harvest and the coming of the rains, that is for four to five months each year, 120,000,000 workers in field and forest are idle. These are, in Keynes' terminology, the 'involuntary unemployed'. You probably remember how Keynes fought against

the traditional theory which stated that all unemployment was voluntary and caused by workers' refusal to work at a lower wage. Keynes tried to demonstrate that there are conditions where the unemployed cannot find work even at a lower wage. India's involuntary seasonal unemployment is beyond western imagination; but if, in terms of numbers, one could imagine Great Britain without a single man or woman employed in field, office, or factory for two whole years, one would arrive at a rough equivalent of India's staggering economic problem, and one might appreciate the spiritual misery caused by this type of unemployment. During the part of the year when the land is cultivated, about one out of three Indian peasants, that is some 35,000,000 pairs of hands, although working on the land, are not really needed; the total output would be not less without them and it is only the lack of any alternative occupation which is responsible for all this economically useless activity.

Although Lord Keynes did not deal with the Indian type of unemployment, his first activities as an economist had a strong Indian flavour. His first civil-service position was in the India Office, his first published writings dealt with Indian problems: they were a book on Indian Currency and Finance which came out in 1913, an article on 'Recent Economic Events in India' in The Economic Journal of March 1909, and the review of a book, The Economic Transition in India, in 1911. In the latter he wrote: 'Sir Theodore Morison'—that is, the author of the book—'argues too lightly from the West to the East without a full enough consideration of the deep underlying factors upon which depends the most advantageous direction of the resources of the nation... The mills of Bombay and Calcutta figure too much in the public eye'. He goes on to say that these mills hardly influenced the general well-being of India, which could be improved only by applying the brains and the capital of the new India to her fields and villages. This is as valid today as it was in 1911.

Two vicious circles operate against savings. As the low incomes from rural seasonal work have to cover the year's expenditure there is very little left for saving, and without savings there is no capital available for improvements, and without improvements productivity, and therefore incomes, cannot rise. The second vicious circle arises out of the first. To cover the period between sowing and harvest, farmers need credit. As there are not sufficient savings available to satisfy this need, high interest rates have to be paid. Thus the lack of savings leads to high interest rates, the high interest rates reduce the farmers' income, the reduced income does not allow a margin for savings, the lack of savings leads again to the high rates of interest, and so on.

#### Dependence of the Village on the Town

The India of these vast legions of unemployed lacks an industry which could absorb the idle millions. At the same time, the villages are entirely dependent on the towns; the credit which is so scarce and for which they have to pay so excessive a price comes from the towns; the village products for which they obtain so low a price go to the towns. Unemployment in India has to be considerably reduced before defences of the Keynesian type against new disaster can be built; after all, the essential feature of the Keynesian technique of boosting expenditure is that it can successfully counteract unemployment only when used on a sufficiently large scale and before unemployment spreads. Keynes assumes idle capital and a high mobility of labour, but India is short of capital and her unemployed are immovable, with no place to move to and without the energy to move even if there were such a place.

What was needed in India were methods which would help to employ idle labour, reduce the claims for capital which was scarce, increase the standard of living by greater self-sufficiency of the villages, and finally—and for Gandhi an essential aim—lessen the dangers of violence. As nothing is more likely to lead to violence than the demand for scarce goods, preference should be given to goods with expandable supply. In Gandhian economics scarcity is the decisive consideration, not cost or efficiency. This attitude gains importance in the light of recent reports which suggest that India's shortages of essential commodities will

(continued on page 182)

## **NEWS DIARY**

July 22-28

#### Wednesday, July 22

Regency Act of 1937 to be amended

Chancellor of Exchequer warns industry that present level of exports is too low

Modified plan announced in Commons to develop Gatwick as southern alternative to London Airport

#### Thursday, July 23

French National Assembly agrees to amend Constitution of 1946

United Kingdom to import 200,000 tons of coal from Belgium

More than 103,000 persons killed or injured in road accidents in first half of 1953

#### Friday, July 24

President Syngman Rhee asserts that the United Nations have given pledges to the communists with which the Korean Republic cannot agree

President Eisenhower proposes an initial fund of \$200,000,000 to rehabilitate

East German Minister for State Security is relieved of his post

#### Saturday, July 25

Prime Minister of India visits Karachi for talks with the Prime Minister of Pakistan

President Neguib again demands British evacuation of Nile valley

Mr. Eden leaves the United States to return home after operation and convalescence in Rhode Island

#### Sunday, July 26

Britain to lend £10,000,000 to Pakistan to help increase food production

British woman tourist shot dead by armed bandits in Pyrenees

#### Monday, July 27

Senior delegates of United Nations and communists sign armistice at Panmunjom after more than three years of war

U.N. General Assembly summoned to meet on August 17

Three prominent members of the Socialist Unity Party in eastern Germany are expelled by central committee

#### Tuesday, July 28

Armistice Commission holds first meeting in Panmuniom

Exchange of prisoners in Korea to begin on August 5

Mr. Dulles to fly to Korea to see President Syngman Rhee

Prime Ministers of Pakistan and India conclude meeting and agree to further discussions





The end of the war in Korea: General Harrison (top) and General Nam Il (below) signing the armistice at Pannunjom on July 27 on behalf of the United Nations and the communists



Members of specially trained 'Liberation Units' marching in a parade through Cairo on July 24, to celebrate the first anniversary of General Neguib's revolution

Right: the task of repairing the sea defences of Holland is nearing completion: mattress made of plaited willow branches being hauled into place last week to help close a gap in the sea wall of the island of Schouwen

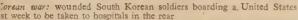




General Nicholas Plastiras Minister of Greece, who aged seventy. In 1922 he f tion of King Constantine, joining the unsuccessful Venizelos, he went into ex-ten years. He was recalled end of 1944 when the con seize power, and became











The Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary, both of whom have been ill, are making good progress. Sir Winston Churchill is seen, left, when last Friday he left his home, Chartwell, in Kent, where he has been resting for the past month, for Chequers, in Buckinghamshire. Right: Mr. Anthony Eden, accompanied by his wife, arriving at London Airport on Sunday from America where, last month, he underwent a third operation. He and Mrs. Eden are spending the week-end with the Prime Minister at Chequers



The Royal River Pageant on July 22: a tableau depicting the Lord Mayor welcoming the Black Prince at the foot of London Bridge in 1357, passing the Festival Pier where the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh watched the procession of 200 decorated craft



Prime ly 26, ibdica-, after under ,ce for

at the





R. d'Inzeo of Italy jumping a clear round on 'Merano' to win the Daily Mail cup on the last day of the international horse show at White City on Saturday

Left: Miss Melissa Hayden and Mr. John Kriza as Tancred and Clorinda in a ballet, 'The Combat,' which was included in the repertory of the American National Ballet Theatre at Covent Garden for the first time on July 23 (continued from page 179)

remain a threat to world production, to world trade, and to full employment. According to Gandhi, it is better to rely on the bullock than on oil for moving the plough, because, once she has decided to give up her bullocks and her 40,000,000 buffaloes, the cutting off of oil supplies would spell ruin to India. What buffaloes, bullocks, and man meant as sources of energy for the production of food, the spinning-wheel was to mean in the provision of cloth. The textile mills depend on markets to sell and on materials which might become scarce, such as iron and steel and foreign cotton and yarn; but the supply of the material for the spinning-wheel is adjustable; the spinning-wheel represents local production and relies on local resources and local markets, and therefore the extent of fraud and speculation, of conflict, and of violence arising from conflict are reduced. And as less money has to be spent on textiles from the mills, the villages will need less credit and will free themselves from the interest burden. And, finally, the spinning-wheel will occupy the idle hours of the unemployed and will prevent their spiritual decay.

'Little do town-dwellers know', said Gandhi in 1922, 'how the semi-starved masses of India are slowly sinking to lifelessness'. He emphasised that hand-spinning was not intended to withdraw a single able-bodied person who could otherwise find a more remunerative occupation from his work, but rather 'the whole claim advanced on behalf of the spinning-wheel is that it alone offers an immediate practicable and permanent solution of the problem or problems that confronts India, namely the enforced idleness for nearly six months in the year of an overwhelming majority of India's population owing to lack of suitable occupation supplementary to agriculture and the chronic starvation of the masses that results therefrom. There would be no place for the spinning-wheel in the national life of India if these two factors were not there

The spinning-wheel had still one more function to fulfil: it was to symbolise the value of manual work as such in an environment where this value was threatened either by apathy and demoralisation which grew in the soil of unemployment and starvation, or by the stigma of inferiority attached to manual work when compared with non-manual work or with the machine. Gandhi once said: 'You may ask, "Why should we use our hands?" You may say: "Manual work has got to be done by those who are illiterate. I can only occupy myself with reading literature and political essays ". We have to realise the dignity of labour. If a barber or shoemaker attends a college, he ought not to abandon his profession. I consider that such professions are just as good as the profession of medicine'. For the west the spinning-wheel represents industrial backwardness, productive inefficiency, the ultimate sin against technical progress. In Gandhi's eyes the spinning-wheel symbolises the victory of work over idleness, of life over lifelessness, of the family unit and the village community over dispersal and disintegration. It is the victory of non-violence. Once, when he was asked 'Show God to me face to face', Gandhi answered, 'You will see Him in the spinning-

Western ideas, if they are to suit Indian conditions, will have to be revised. Is it really good economics to spend scarce resources for the

import or output of labour-saving machines for use in industries which can command gigantic armies of unemployed? What is the meaning of man-hours saved, where billions of man-hours are wasted in enforced idleness? Gandhi's answer was the cottage industry. Villagers would engage in home-craft, or they would produce soap, flour, and paper from local raw materials. But as these types of village industry still leave great pools of unemployed, further employment can come only from small-scale industry carried out in villages. Would this still be in accordance with Gandhi's teaching? Some of the confusion about the purpose and character of cottage industry might have arisen because Gandhi's attitude to the machine had not been sufficiently analysed. At one time, as I said before, Gandhi was against all machinery, calling it the chief product of modern civilisation, the symbol of a great sin. Later, he greatly qualified this attitude. 'Mechanisation', he said, 'is good when the hands are too few for the work intended to be accomplished. It is an evil when there are more hands than required for the work'. It was bad when it enriched a few at the expense of the many. It was good when it was used for the benefit of the people. And it might be necessary in heavy industry and public utilities. Gandhi's statement, 'that use of machinery is useful which subserves the interests of all' represents something greatly different from a general condemnation of

When Gandhi said: 'Dead machinery must not be pitted against the millions of living machines represented by the villagers scattered in the 700,000 villages', he implied that machines used in the villages to create employment were of a different kind from machines concentrated in towns and causing unemployment in the villages. When asked in an interview: 'Are you against all machines, Babu?', Gandhi answered: 'How can I be when I know that even the body is a most delicate piece of machinery. The spinning-wheel itself is a machine; what I object to is the craze for machinery, not machinery as such. The supreme consideration is man: the machine should not tend to make atrophied the limbs of man. I would make intelligent exceptions. The sewing-machine is one of the few useful things ever invented'. Experience in Switzerland and Japan goes to prove that suitable machines can be devised for cottage industries, provided inventors free themselves from their preconceived notion that large-scale machines are always preferable. They would have to apply their ingenuity to the problems of the village industry, and invent small machines of simple design with as few parts as possible and with rotational motion. Full employment in India will not be possible without inventions of this type.

Gandhi's economic thoughts were dominated by the phenomenon of mass unemployment, this, as Keynes said, 'enormous anomaly in a world full of wants'. Gandhi aimed at full employment, under conditions of a backward, under-developed sub-continent. The Keynesian unemployed were counted in millions; Gandhi's unemployed were counted in scores of millions. Keynes wanted idle wheels to turn again in urban factories; Gandhi hoped that wheels would begin to turn in India's listless and poverty-stricken villages. Perhaps in terms of the civilisation of the east Gandhi was not so unrealistic after all.—Third Programme

# Is Charity Out of Date?

By GUY W. KEELING

S charity out of date? This question, or something like it, was debated last week in the House of Lords. I would put it like this: as time goes on, will the social services, provided by the state in the form of doctors, education, and so on, remove the need for the kind of work that we have been accustomed to call 'charitable'?

There are different versions of this question. This country is, I should think, unique in western Europe for the number of its voluntary associations and societies. Some go back for hundreds of years, some only to the last century. But most were founded at a time before we had accepted the idea of the Welfare State, and a great many were founded to do something which is now being done by public provision. Those of us who are concerned with them have now to ask ourselves if we can reasonably go on, in the nineteen-fifties, doing exactly what our founders laid it upon us to do: we have to ask if we ought to go out of business; if we should go on in the old terms, doing, perhaps, a little good and no particular harm; or if we should go right back to the principles on which our societies were founded and translate them into contemporary terms.

This issue is particularly clear in the case of the charitable trust. Now what are these trusts? And what does the law understand by charity? This is not so easy: the law, it is true, understands it to be some form of public benefit, but public benefit itself can mean different things to different societies; the fashion of almsgiving has altered as much in 400 years as the needs of the people who receive it. In simple communities there are of course no poor, as we understand the word. People's primary needs-for food, shelter, and clothing-are met by the family. The family, especially if it is large, is itself a unit of social security. It is the family who looks after its old people, deals with its delinquents, and absorbs many of the problems that we today are apt to hand on to the state. It is only as population grows, as people become more civilised, that the practice of almsgiving develops. In the Middle Ages people were giving money—by gift or by will—because it was a meritorious

act and good for the health of their soul.

The law today understands charity to be more or less what it had been to Elizabeth I's lawyers. Charity, to them, included such causes as the relief of prisoners and of old people; the maintenance of disabled soldiers; the repair of bridges, churches, and highways; the provision of schools. And today, although all these provisions are now part of the duty of the state—paid for in taxation by you and me—this statute of Elizabeth I still stands as part of the law of England in Elizabeth II's

#### A Love-feast for Eighty

Consider for a moment some of the causes which were once accepted as charitable. There was a Mr. Halliday, who died in 1491: he arranged for 5s. to be spent every Maundy Thursday on a love-feast for those parishioners of St. Clement's, Eastcheap, in the City of London, who had fallen out with one another during the preceding year. Nearly 400 years later, the income had multiplied many times, and the love-feast had become a dinner, at Richmond, costing some £70, given to eighty of the richer rate-payers of the parish—irrespective of whether they had quarrelled with one another or not. There was Thomas Nash, who in 1813 left £50 a year for the ringers of the Abbey Church, Bath, 'on condition of their ringing on the whole peal of bells, with clappers muffled, various solemn and doleful changes on the fourteenth of May, in every year, being the anniversary of my wedding day . . . also, on every anniversary of the day of my decease, to ring a grand bob major and merry, mirthful peals, unmuffled . . . in joyful commemoration of my happy release from domestic tyranny and wretchedness'.

Another trust was that of the Lord of the Manor of West Wickham, Kent, who, in 1617, directed that the local rector should receive, yearly, 20s. for preaching a sermon 'in memory of the execrable Gunpowder Plot'. The said lord thoughtfully provided for 40s. to be paid to an audience of forty poor people (but the rector has had to admit that the full congregation never turns up). In the reign of George I a favourite object of charity was the release of British citizens who had been enslaved by pirates; at this time Thomas Betton, a member of the Ironmongers' Company, formed a trust, part of the income of which was to be devoted, for ever, to the rescue of prisoners in Turkey and Barbary. Though it happily came about in the course of time that there were no prisoners requiring release, the trustees continued to save the money for this non-existent purpose until, 120 years later, the income had risen to £3,500 a year—at which point the House of Lords intervened.

Of course it was right to intervene—for these cases are something more than historical curiosities. There is one reason that makes it necessary for the state to look twice at them in a world where we are short of money even for the building of necessary schools—that is the way that money accumulates, and it does not merely accumulate.

Many years ago King Edward's School Foundation acquired property in a village called Birmingham: the village in due course became a city; and the foundation's land adjoined that on which New Street station was built. This foundation, a fully responsible one, paid back to the community in the form of education the increased value which had been created by the community. But not all trusts have the power to do this. They may be prevented, by law, from giving any of their vast increase to anything other than causes like the rescue of prisoners from Barbary or Turkey. It must be obvious to all of us that such foundations have no place in twentieth-century England. But what action ought we to take? Is it enough to alter terms of reference which are out of date—or is this a time for getting rid of the whole conception of charity? In my view there is no doubt that there is a continuing need for the privately formed trust. But, of course, the whole legal position needs to be revised—and it is being revised.

#### The Nathan Report

A hundred years ago the Charity Commission was set up 'for the better administration of Charitable Trusts'. In 1949 Charitable Trusts were debated in the House of Lords, and a committee set up, under the chairmanship of Lord Nathan, to see what changes in the law would be needed if the community was to get the maximum benefit from its trusts. A report was laid before parliament in December 1952, and its recommendations were debated in the House of Lords last week. One outcome of this report was the recommendation that we should not attempt to define charity too rigidly. At different stages of our social history we assign different subjects to different places. Education,

for example, which the Elizabethan lawyers regarded as a matter for private foundations, is now a social service: at the same time, the word itself has come, in the course of years, to extend from the cradle to the grave, and to mean far more than mere provision of schools. It covers such things as the provision of youth clubs and the endowment of research—things which still come largely within the scope of privately established foundations.

Another point brought up in the recent discussions was the need for information. If the purpose of charitable trusts is to perform a useful object—something necessary to the community which is not yet state-provided—then the public must know what activities are supported. The time has gone by when a charitable trust is concerned more closely with the donor's soul than with the public welfare; and it has always seemed to me that the responsibility to inform is as grave in the field of the social sciences as is the duty of a scholar to publish his results in, say, the field of natural science; especially when the trust is one which undertakes large-scale research. At present this responsibility is, in my view, insufficiently realised. As the Nathan Committee put it:

A would-be beneficiary who sets out to discover the existence of a trust likely to be useful to him will very soon find that to all intents and purposes the records he ought to be able to consult do not exist. If he perseveres, in spite of this setback, he is faced with the thankless task of groping forward step by step, piecing together such clues as he stumbles upon by questioning likely informants. Moreover, much precious time, which ought to be spent on more productive labours, is lost by social workers in hunting for the information they need. . . . It may seem fantastic, but the plain fact is that accessible, classified records of charitable trusts . . . do not exist.

The committee concluded: 'fuller and more precise information ought to be available'. This egregious lack of factual information made it necessary, recently, for the Nuffield Foundation to make its own survey of the charities giving help to old people. There were found to be 5,000 in Great Britain with a total income of £5,000,000 a year. It was also found that, though pensions are now provided by the state, funds earmarked in the old trusts for this purpose cannot be used instead for much needed repairs to buildings.

#### Scope for Experiment

I have said that in my view there is no doubt of the continuing need for social provision for individuals outside anything that the state can or should do for them. In one sphere after another, the Welfare State is taking over work previously the province of voluntary action. But legislation can only operate in broad terms. There is always a fringe of exceptional cases, calling for that close personal attention which only voluntary action can give, and this work often involves human problems of extreme difficulty and delicacy. And there is another reason: public authorities—particularly in the social services—are in no position to pioneer or make experiments. They could not risk the ratepayers' money in schemes which might turn out to be unproductive. But many of the large trusts, established within recent years, are founded to take precisely such risks. As the secretary of one of them has said: 'It is the business of trusts to live dangerously'. It is these large experimenting trusts that seem to me to be setting the pattern of the future. In its earliest times, almsgiving was often little more than an extension of the family group; money was left to relations, or more or less indiscriminately to people of the donor's surname. Later, its scope was extended to a given neighbourhood or sect.

The modern tendency is different; instead of dividing society into small groups and helping the people belonging to one of them, the big trusts, like the Carnegie, and foundations like the Rockefeller and the Ford, tend to isolate some social evil and set out to find its cause, or to seek a cure. They are prepared to help mankind at large, irrespective of race or religion, and set out to examine some of the big, fundamental evils that he is heir to-evils like unemployment, old age, delinquency, and war. In September 1950 the trustees of one of the biggest of these decided 'that the resources of the foundation should be devoted to programmes for the advancement of peace, education, the behavioural sciences, democratic institutions and economic stability'. This is a long way from the Maundy Thursday love-feast for the parishioners of St. Clements. It is quite a way even from some of the nineteenth-century trusts, which set out to fill in the gaps of the state educational system. But I am convinced that it is the modern pattern of charity, and as such is emphatically not out of date.

-Home Service

# **Moving Mountains**

#### ROBERT PEEL on Christian Science

ITHIN the past few years we have seen a tremendous accession of physical power to mankind. We often hear it said that man now has power to blast all human life from the earth if he wants to. His latest achievement, the hydrogen bomb, seems a kind of blasphemous parody on the words of Jesus: 'If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible to you'.

The faith that has rocked the world with atomic explosions is a faith in man's capacity to control nature through scientific method, but today one often finds it combined with a fearful doubt of man's ability to control himself. Christian faith may come to our rescue in this dilemma, but in its usual forms it is far removed from the blazing assurance and unlimited claims of primitive Christianity. The sharp struggle between religion and science in the nineteenth century too often resulted in a sort of gentleman's agreement between the two—a state of peaceful co-existence, with the methodologies of science supreme in the practical concerns of life, and religion taking for its sphere the realm of subjective values.

#### Need for a Coherent View of Life

The urgent need of our time is for a coherent view of life, at the same time religious and scientific, that can bring nature under the certain control of man's highest spiritual perceptions. It is the contention of Christian Scientists that a discovery made by a New England woman in the nineteenth century has made available a spiritual power that as greatly exceeds the usual forms of Christian influence as atomic energy exceeds all prior forms of physical power. We do not claim that what Mary Baker Eddy discovered is new but simply that thas lain unrecognised in the life of Jesus Christ for almost 2,000 years. What Christian Science claims is the presence of a metaphysical principle in the so-called miracles of Jesus, a universal principle scientifically applicable to every discordant phase of human existence.

In support of its thesis Christian Science appeals not to dogma but to what it calls demonstration—practical demonstration, those 'fruits' of which Jesus spoke when he said 'By their fruits ye shall know them'. It insists that a 'miracle' is an impossibility in a universe governed by law. If Jesus could instantaneously heal a man 'full of leprosy', it must be because He knew more about the laws governing reality than the physiologist of His own time or even of ours—more about the relation of matter to mind than either the physicist or psychologist has yet discovered. To Christian Scientists He is, as Mrs. Eddy put it, 'the most scientific man that ever trod the globe'. And in a measurable proportion they are today demonstrating the revolutionary dominion over nature which He exemplified. Without its healing works, Christian Science would not deserve a moment's serious consideration, for it runs startlingly counter to the piecemeal empiricism which has wrought such technical marvels (and such philosophical chaos) in the world today. Mrs. Eddy once wrote: 'If Christian Science lacked the proof of its goodness and utility, it would destroy itself; for it rests alone on demonstration'.

Yet, important as its pragmatic proof is in an age of scientific scepticism, Christian Science aims at something higher than physical results. It looks on the healing of sickness and every form of human discord as among the 'added things' of which Jesus spoke when he said, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you'. The first aim is to understand and express God and the nature of His kingdom, the nature of His power. If physical ease were the Christian Scientist's only aim, he might as well resort to one of the 'miracle drugs' of today if he did not receive an immediate healing through Christian Science treatment. But to him the efficacy of the drug rests wholly on the mental state of the patient rather than the physical properties of the drug. His endeavour is to rise above the level of blind faith in the testimony of the senses (and in the knowledge based on that testimony) to a clearer understanding of the immutable, invariable laws of divine reality. Hence he will naturally

prefer to persist in this effort until he shall have laid hold on these higher laws sufficiently to demonstrate them concretely in his life. For then he will not only be healed physically but released into a larger measure of spiritual, moral, and intellectual freedom.

On the intellectual side, Christian Science presents a complete and coherent metaphysic. We live, on the whole, in an anti-metaphysical age. The general tendency since the Renaissance has been away from dogmatism to empiricism, culminating in the readiness of the positivists and instrumentalists to dismiss the older philosophical questions about God, man, and immortality as meaningless. The great rational structures of Aquinas and Hegel have gone down before the semantic demolition squad. Early in the century William Jones wrote:

If . . . we apply the principle of pragmatism to God's metaphysical attributes, strictly so called, as distinguished from his moral attributes, I think that, even were we forced by a coercive logic to believe them, we still should have to confess them to be destitute of all intelligible significance. Take God's aseity, for example; or His necessariness; His immateriality; His 'simplicity' or superiority to the kind of inner variety and succession which we find in finite beings, His indivisibility . . His repudiation of inclusion in a genus; His actualised infinity; . . His self-sufficiency, self-love, and absolute felicity in Himself: candidly speaking, how do such qualities as these make any definite connection with our life? And if they severally call for no distinctive adaptation of our conduct, what vital difference can it possibly make to a man's religion whether they be true or false?

Christian Science takes up that challenge squarely. Its metaphysics are inseparable from its ethics. It starts with God as the logical premise of all thought as well as the normative determinant of all value. In her textbook, Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures, Mrs. Eddy defines God as: 'The great I Am; the all-knowing, all-seeing, all-acting, all-wise, all-loving, and eternal; Principle; Mind; Soul; Spirit; Life; Truth; Love; all substance; intelligence'. From this perfect God she deduced a perfect spiritual creation, the reflection or emanation of God's own nature. Man she accepted as the image and likeness of God (as the first chapter of Genesis pictures him)—spiritual rather than material, incapable of corruption and error, no more subject to annihilation than his Maker. The spiritual man and spiritual universe must express the law and order of Principle, the creative intelligence of Mind, the radiance of Soul, the spontaneity of Spirit, the indestructible vitality of Life, the clarity of Truth, the all-embracing warmth and delight of Love.

The corruptible material universe and mortal man she saw as an ignorant caricature of reality, a misapprehension of being conceived from the standpoint of supposition rather than of understanding. To the question how such a misconception could arise in a perfect universe, her answer was that it could not arise or exist in such a universe; it was outside reality, with no more substantive being than the darkness which vanishes at the approach of light. Thus to the theoretical problem of evil she brought the practical answer of healing, as Jesus did. Reality, in her system, is by definition—and, in a degree, by demonstration—all that expresses the nature of God; while all that denies that nature is illusion, error, however real it may seem to the state of ignorance within which it has its fictive existence.

#### 'The Truth Shall Make You Free'

Christian Scientists believe that this is what Jesus meant when He said of the devil, or impersonal source of all evil: 'He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it'. They find His own repudiation of this lie in His healing of sickness, His regeneration of character, His mastery of nature, His triumph over death, His revelation of reality—and in His statement, 'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free'.

To replace a lie with the truth is to banish the false consciousness that held it, and this is the process of Christian Science healing, the practical effect of its metaphysical position. To think in what it

conceives to be a scientifically Christian way is to look through the ignorant distortions of sense testimony to the basic fact of a perfect God and His perfect spiritual creation, and, reasoning from this premise, to reject as a lie all that seems to deny this perfection. Healing, from such a basis, is the gradual replacing of false concepts in the human mind with pre-existent spiritual realities as they exist in the divine Mind, the only true consciousness. This process objectifies itself as a change in the evidence before the physical senses. It is a gradual process because the total perfection of the spiritual universe can be demonstrated only as it is acknowledged at every point and at every instant of individual experience—a severe discipline for foolish mortals.

Mrs. Eddy sensibly wrote:

I do not maintain that anyone can exist in the flesh without food and raiment; but I do believe that the real man is immortal and that he lives in Spirit, not matter. Christian Science must be accepted at this period by induction. We admit the whole, because a part is proved and that part illustrates and proves the entire Principle.

In so short a talk as this one can give only the barest hint of what is, after all, a lifetime study. It is worth pointing out, however, that there is a sharp distinction between Christian Science and the various forms of traditional philosophical idealism. Unlike Berkeley, for instance, it does not conceive the material universe to be an idea in the mind of God, for this is to make God responsible for all disasters, physical and moral. Unlike Hindu pantheism, it does not conceive of an undifferentiated Absolute necessarily and eternally manifesting itself through a veil of Maya or mortal illusion, for this is to leave human life without hope of redemption.

Many philosophers in many ages have said 'All is mind', and the scientist has been able to reply: 'What possible difference could that make to my study of nature, even if it were true?' But I have known the same statement, 'All is Mind', when used in Christian Science, to result in the instantaneous healing of an advanced case of cancer, thus furnishing the natural scientist with a totally new datum, if he cares to look at it. The difference, as we understand it, lies in the fundamental distinction Christian Science draws between the divine Mind, as the source of all that is real, and the unillumined human or mortal mind, as the sum of all delusion. This same distinction separates Christian Science from the various forms of suggestion and psychosomatic medicine which utilise the human mind as the healing agent instead of turning to the divine Mind in the spirit of Jesus' words, 'Not my will, but thine, be done'.

It is obvious that physical healing can be only a small part—though a vital and essential part—of any systematic effort to let God's will be done 'in earth as it is in heaven', in appearance as it is in reality. The body politic demands healing, not merely the physical body. All the

poverty and frustration, the sin and violence of human life cry out for healing. When one throws a stone into a pond, it starts a ripple flowing out from the centre of disturbance in a constantly widening circle. So when an individual first tries to understand and practise Christian Science it begins at once to revolutionise his thinking, first of all about those things closest to him and then gradually about a widening circle of concerns. In a rather literal sense his body is that which is closest to him, and he begins to exercise dominion over it with the authority of his newly recognised spiritual self-hood. Then he finds much in his human character and temperament that must be transformed, and much in his personal relations, his business, his profession, the world of affairs, and the world of intellect. I have had friends who were musicians or architects, or were engaged in physical or biological research, who have found that Christian Science has enabled them to work out difficult problems in their fields in what sometimes seemed startling ways.

The healing Principle is the same in all cases. What is involved is a surrender of the human mind to the divine Mind and a consequent banishing of the fear, the bias, the self-importance, and the other factors that may stand in the way of the problem's solution.

Christian Scientists may well be modest in assessing their present demonstration of the vast Principle they claim, yet they cannot deny the magnitude of the blessings which even a grain of understanding has brought into their lives. While sporadic 'faith healings' have occurred throughout Christian history, never before has Christian teaching furnished so stupendous, so consistent and 'scientific' a body of evidence for laws transcending the provisional hypotheses commonly known as 'laws of nature'.

Yet, with all this, the heart and soul of Christian Science, as of all Christianity, is love—love demonstrated not merely as a sentiment but as a principle, indeed the basic Principle of reality in the universe. In nothing was Mrs. Eddy more radical than in her coupling of the terms Principle and Love as synonyms of God. She knew that a mere theoretical knowledge of the divine was fruitless; it must be loved and lived, the Word must become flesh in every area of experience, if Christianity and science were to be proved as ultimately one. Thus Principle must be known as Love, and law must be felt as power; otherwise the positivist might rightly dismiss the whole thing as a thin tissue of abstractions. Mrs. Eddy has written: 'As Christian Scientists you seek to define God to your own consciousness by feeling and applying the nature and practical possibilities of divine Love'. If those practical possibilities are as far beyond the common hopes of mankind as atomic power is beyond the expectations of the Newtonian physicist, then prayer may be a far more important field for research than neutron kinetics, and Jesus may yet be recognised as 'the most scientific man that ever trod the globe'.—Third Programme

## **Religious Toleration**

(continued from page 164)

the 'sacral', and only of the 'sacral' society of the Roman Empire, that the early Christian Church suffered. The transformation of Christianity itself into the established religion of a 'sacral' society for a millennium after the conversion of Constantine was an anomaly which produced many anomalies, as well as all that we call Christian civilisation. Not least of these anomalies was the Inquisition and the De haeretico comburendo. The anomaly lay not only in the fact that preachers of Divine love found themselves supporting brutal force to ensure conformity in a matter which their theology told them was an affair wholly of gracious election and individual decision: in the very fact of acting as judges of religious orthodoxy on behalf of the secular power, they cannot easily be absolved of the charge of rendering to Caesar the things that are God's.

Yet the 'sacral' ideal has its attractions, and the medieval ideal of synthesis of Church and State is so impressive that we have been slow to see that it was an anomaly rather than a norm. But its departure should be a matter of rejoicing rather than for the nostalgic regrets of the apologists of the 'Europe is the Faith' school. A pluralist society is one in which a Christian must be a Christian indeed; in which even the theologian can breathe more freely, with less temptation to prostitute his craft or distort the teaching committed to him in the interests (however intrinsically legitimate) of social unity and order. Now he is better able to get on with his own job: the job which Aquinas described

as the 'greater clarification of the content of Divine Teaching' to human minds. Toleration itself opens to him new vistas, presents him with exciting tasks. For toleration brings intercommunication; wider and deeper knowledge of the variety of the needs of the human soul, and of the mysterious and manifold ways of God with man. Christ came not to destroy but to fulfil the old dispensation; and only as the fulfilment of the truths which men already possess can His Gospel still be proclaimed. Idols must still be destroyed; but now men must freely destroy their own idols rather than have them destroyed by force majeure. Loving evangelism must replace sectarian proselytisation; honest encounter must replace intimidation; the smoking flax must be fanned instead of quenched. To all this the theologian should have much to contribute. Perhaps he may even contribute to laying a firmer foundation for the western world's precarious experiment in toleration itself.—Third Programme

The report of the Medical Research Council for 1951-52 has been published by the Stationery Office, price 6s. 6d. It is recommended in the report that a central organisation for the promotion of clinical research should be established as part of the Medical Research Council, that provision should be made for decentralised research at the level of regional hospital boards, boards of governors of teaching hospitals and hospital management committees, and that careers in clinical research should be equated with careers in the national health service.

# Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

#### Science and Responsibility

Sir,—It appears to me that the gist of the latest letter from Humphrey and Hilton can fairly be summarised as follows:

Paragraph 2 maintains that elected representatives in parliament (a minority group) do not represent the considered views of the electorate. Therefore, by implication, if politicians feel strongly that this country should be powerfully

Therefore, by implication, if politicians feel strongly that this country should be powerfully armed, they are not reflecting the general climate of enlightened public opinion. In other words, our so-called democracy is already an oligarchy.

Paragraph 3 suggests that scientists (another minority group) do represent the considered views of the electorate. Therefore, by implication again, if scientists feel strongly that this country should not be powerfully armed they will be reflecting the general climate of enlightened public opinion. And so there is no danger of our democracy becoming an oligarchy! Contrariwise? Nohow!

All I maintain is that no minority group, even if chosen by Gallup himself, can claim to speak unerringly for the public. Only the electorate themselves can do that. They must therefore be informed of the relevant facts, reminded that they are responsible for national policy, and warned that they must not, through inertia or lack of interest, permit control to be taken out of their hands. All these points were clearly made in my talk.

Paragraph 4 is devoted to meditations arising from the statement 'Perret claims that we are only really secure if we equip ourselves with all available means of destruction'. That statement is utterly false, and I defy the authors to justify it. In fact, I said the exact opposite in my broadcast talk.

Finally, paragraph 5 reiterates my clear contention that the only hope for an acceptable settlement lies in mutual goodwill: perhaps, say Humphrey and Hilton, that is what Perret meant. Well, for once they are right. I did mean that, and I apologise for saying it in a sentence so obscure as 'Love thy neighbour as thyself'. But I did not join with Smith et al. 'in thinking that for the time being it is safer to go on arming'. If Humphrey and Hilton intend to enlighten the ignorant public they had better start off by teaching themselves to read.

Perret is scornful of free speech: he is so vague as to be meaningless: he is a loose speaker who abuses his prestige as a scientist: a perverter of the meaning of Christianity: a political yes-man, dedicated to cruelty and war: almost a ravening monster howling for the taste of blood. Perret meant this (oh horror!). Perret said that (oh shame!). We have all had great fun for a month. Shall we now, just for the devil of it, find out what Perret really did say? He said this (I quote verbatim throughout):

Science must advance because we need it for survival. But as science advances, man's power to do evil with his knowledge will increase handin-hand with his power to do good. It is vital to ensure that our knowledge is used for the benefit of man and not for his destruction. But who is responsible for the applications of our knowledge? Surely we all are.

If war is ever justified, then when we fight what seems to us a just war we must fight it to the utmost of our power. Therefore we must either abandon our cherished principles in the face of aggression or accept a life of fear which will end in a war destroying both victor and vanquished. Is there no alternative solution? All

I can do is offer you the solution which occurred to me in Siam. In my opinion the only hope for humanity is that every man, whatever his race or creed, should realise that there is only one rule of conduct which can bring certain peace: 'Love thy neighbour as thyself'.

Is that, or is it not, a clear statement of the position and a clear plea for the universal abandonment of war as a means of settling disputes?

Nevertheless, since I do not hold this arrogant view that scientists have a God-like infallibility on questions of politics and morals, I am quite prepared to be convinced that my statements and conclusions are wrong. But I do believe that an essential attribute of scientists is a fervent love of truth: and by conducting this controversy dishonestly Humphrey, Hilton, and Comfort discredit themselves and their profession much more than they discredit me.

London, N.W.7

Yours, etc., JOHN PERRET

Sir,—I support my dependants by work deliberately aimed at destroying life, happiness, and wealth, as do thousands of scientists and technicians on both sides of the Iron Curtain. David Rendel, if he is a family man, is one of us, I gather. Rightly he speaks only for himself, because he seems to render willingly to Caesar what that monstrous cretin demands of him; whereas I (speaking, too, only for myself) render it unwillingly. In that difference lie our respective degrees of responsibility for the results of the work we do. Responsibility is a function of willing and knowing. If a man willingly and knowingly does a bad, he must take the responsibility for it. If he does not know it is a bad, or if he does it unwillingly, under threat of penury and/or persecution if he refuses and with no tolerable alternative means of subsistence available to him, he cannot be held responsible. That is the situation in which, whether they are in a majority or a minority, a large number of scientists and technicians of the west and the east find them-

The Caesars of the west and the east have been warned time and again by the very scientists and technicians from whom they (the Caesars) extract what they think is theirs and not God's, that if what is extracted is ethically misused, it will destroy the Caesars as well as their unlucky subjects. If the Caesars choose to ignore those warnings or to act like lunatics despite them, the responsibilities lie on the Caesars and those who serve them willingly and knowingly, not

on others.

Wyton

Yours, etc., W. H. CAZALY

#### Dutch Policy in Asia

Sir,—I hope that my personal experience of the former Dutch East Indies, where I spent eighteen years of my life up to the outbreak of war and where I was brought up in schools of Dutch metropolitan standards with Indonesians and Chinese of both sexes, gives me authority to comment on Mr. C. A. Fisher's talk, 'Why Dutch Policy in Asia is Disappointing' (The Listener, July 23).

As I understand it, he tries to make the following main points. Mr. Fisher will perhaps pardon me if I have misunderstood him.

Netherlands-Indonesian Union in 1949 seemed

full of promise. It failed because:

(a) There had been no consistent Dutch native policy, particularly as regards higher education for the Indonesians.

(b) Netherlands dependence on the plantation economy of the D.E.I. was a barrier to a proper political policy.

proper political policy.

(c) The Dutch were wrong to emphasise the material welfare aspect of their Government.

(d) The Dutch had an inferiority complex about

their status as a colonial power.

Britain has succeeded because its colonial policy trains people for self-government.

To these I should like to say: Netherlands-Indonesian Union had not the remotest chance of succeeding. Against the good will of a Sharir or Sharifoedin was the fanatical obsession of ninety-nine other native leaders to eradicate Dutch influence even at the price of ruining their land.

Educational institutions including three university colleges (open to all with no suggestion of colour bar) were on an immeasurably higher standard than those in any British overseas territory (either Crown Colonies or India). Their quality was comparable with similar institutions in Holland.

Dependence on profits from sale of cheaply produced raw materials is common to all European colonial powers.

Surely the first responsibility of a colonial government is to ensure the optimum state of welfare of the governed. Is there some special virtue in starving them?

Whatever they have proclaimed in public to be the aims of their colonial policy, all European powers have in fact followed economic and administrative expediency tempered by the western preference for the rule of law and by humanitarian influences usually missionary-inspired.

Let any Briton go to Kenya or British Somaliland today and try to tell the natives that they are being trained for self-government and see how quickly he is bundled out of the country. And as for 'preventing any movement towards political separation', why do we not yield to Enosis for Cyprus? And what are the valid and adequate answers to the charge that we hang on to Malaya only for its dollar-earning capacity?

But I agree that a Dutch inferiority complex was one reason: it was a major factor in causing the Dutch to yield against their better judgment to Anglo-American pressure.

London, W.8

Yours, etc., G. Young

#### Moving Mountains

Sir,—Mr. Peel, in his talk broadcast on July 21, leaves so many fundamental questions unanswered in his search for a coherent system that it is difficult for someone with a different approach to find definite points to discuss. Here are a few which seem to me most critical.

What is the nature of the evidence produced by the 'demonstration', and how can it be consulted by the interested layman? If the bulk of the evidence consists of the case-histories of successful attempts at healing, how is the psychologist's kind of 'faith-healing' to be ruled out? Mr. Peel does not explain why the mind of God rather than the mind of the patient should be held responsible.

It is not clear why he distinguishes so care-

fully between the Christian Scientist and the empirical scientist when the former employs these demonstrations. Surely a documented act of healing is a piece of empirical evidence?

The hypotheses of empirical science are regarded as true when they enable us to make verifiable predictions about the external world-in other words, they correlate our sense data. Does Christian Science make any predictions by which the truth of its assertions can be checked? If not, it is difficult to see why the picture of the world it offers should be called 'scientific'

On the metaphysical side the attributes of God are listed as a series of abstract nouns, each of them embodying some form of infinite power or infinite goodness. It is then suggested that they add up to something which is more 'real than the world of the senses. A more useful view. with some foundation in psychology, seems to be that we get our ideas of infinity and perfection by extrapolation from our limited experiences and standards, in the last resort by speculating upon our sense data. If this is so the extension can hardly be regarded as data themselves.—Yours, etc.,
D. A. WILKINS can hardly be regarded as more real than the

#### An Anthology of Modern Sculpture

Sir,-Mr. Cooper is one of our more naïve authorities: he believes that not to share his prejudices is to be 'ill-informed'. Ill-informed I certainly was about the bibliographical points on which he has so kindly put me right, though it must be said that, while Mr. Cooper is characteristically well-informed in stating that Brancusi 'has consistently refused to allow the publication of a monograph', it remains a fact that no monograph exists. Mr. Cooper's inside information would only be relevant if I had indeed, as he supposes, 'complained' of this lacuna: it is perhaps indicative of his mentality that Mr. Cooper interprets a plain statement of fact as a complaint. The other questions he raises, however, have nothing to do with being informed of the facts: they are questions demanding the interpretation of facts.

If Mr. Cooper doubts that the formal origins of Henry Moore's more abstract sculpture lie in the cubism of Picasso, Lipchitz, and Archipenko, it would be most interesting to know what he does consider to be the sources or antecedents of the voids and the concaves which are the dominant features of its language. Mr. Cooper may make the point (which I made myself in a broadcast reprinted in THE LISTENER for August 23, 1951) that such forms serve a different imaginative purpose for Moore from that which they serve for his predecessors. But this would not invalidate the assertion he

has questioned.

The charge that I 'airily produce the Impressionists and Carrière as the great formative influences on Rodin's work' and 'entirely overlook the only influence that really matters—Michelangelo' is simply naughty. I airily produced nothing: I quoted a statement from the book I was reviewing to the effect that the Impressionists were Rodin's chief influence, and then went on to suggest that Carrière was a more potent one. That is to say, I was joining issue with the book under review on Rodin's relation to his contemporaries. As I even refrained from mentioning his relationships to Rude and Carpeaux, to have introduced Michelangelo into this context would have been an insult to the intelligence of your readers, who surely do not need to be told of Rodin's immense debt to him. Mr. Cooper's assertion that Michelangelo's is 'The only influence that really matters' could as well be applied to Alfred Stevens as to Rodin, which does not commend it as being very illuminating. As to Mr. Cooper's belief that Rodin had nothing in common with the Symbolistes, one can only assume that he can never have seen or heard of such works by Rodin as 'Invocation', 'La Pensée', 'Le Lys Brisé' and 'La Main de Dieu'. In so far as Rodin's imaginative preoccupations can be situated, they are closer to those of the Symbolistes than to Impressionism or any other contemporary movement.-Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.10 DAVID SYLVESTER

Sir,—I have just seen Mr. Sylvester's review of my book, Sculpture of the Twentieth Century (THE LISTENER, July 9). Mr. Sylvester takes exception to my method of classification. He concludes his review by saying that the sculpture of the twentieth century 'is too close to us to allow of accurate classification'. Presumably, then, no method of ordering the highly complex production of modern sculpture would be wholly acceptable to him. I cannot see, therefore, that anything will be gained here by my attempting to justify the method I have used. I remain convinced, however, that anyone who sets himself the problem of an anthology of modern sculpture is in duty bound, to the general reader at least, to attempt to set up some frames of reference. I feel that a careful reading of my text will show that the sections into which I have divided the material do not pretend to be absolutely exclusive. I have inserted many qualifications about my choices, to some of which Mr. Sylvester refers, simply to avoid the 'rigid perspective' he complains about.

Finally, a word about Mr. Sylvester's catalogue of my 'errors'. It is not certain that 'most of' Degas' sculpture was produced before the turn of the century but, on the basis of the vague existing evidence, and the fact that he did sculpture as early as the 1870s, it seems probable. I fail to see what is 'curious' in my comment on Despiau in relation to Rodin. The second of the three versions of Matisse's 'Back' is not in the Rodinesque tradition and I stand corrected. Laurens' 'Luna' has been done in bronze, but nothing in my text implies that this sculpture was executed only in marble. Finally, on the evidence of my own eyes, when I visited Turnbull's studio two years ago he was then still experimenting with cacti or thorn-like forms

in space.—Yours, etc.,

New York ANDREW C. RITCHIE

#### 'Medical Hypnosis'

Sir.-With reference to the review of Medical Hypnosis: New Hope for Mankind (The LISTENER, July 9), while recognised world authorities in the field of medical hypnosis will pay scant attention to the remarks of your anonymous reviewer, it is possible that less informed readers might be misled.

We, the undersigned authors, challenge your reviewer to state just what qualifications and practical experience he has in medical hypnosis, and to substantiate his charges that the book is 'sensational' and 'has little new in it'. We challenge him to name even one book on medical hypnosis by a British medical man which gives:

(1) The new theory of the real nature of hypnosis (illustrated by a diagram) advanced in this book

(2) The new theory of the psychoneuroses

(illustrated by diagram).
(3) The new explanation of psychosomatic disorders (illustrated by diagram).

(4) Three chapters specially devoted to hypnosis as applied to children—treatment, child guidance, juvenile delinquency, etc., by a specialist in child guidance.

(5) Three chapters specially devoted to the use of hypnosis in women's complaints, and childbirth, by an obstetrician and gynaecologist.

Your reviewer states that the book 'contains suggestions concerning the use of suggestion under light hypnosis of value to the general practitioner'. How can this be if it has 'nothing new in it? Is it not likely to be a 'New Hope For Mankind' if the methods it advocates are to be adopted by the general practitioner? If so, why condemn it as 'sensational'? Why can 'no medical reviewer look on it with favour? if it is of value to the G.P.?—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

S. I. VAN PELT G. AMBROSE
G. NEWBOLD

[Our reviewer writes:

The authors will note that it is the subtitle of this book and not the book itself which I termed sensational, and despite their angry protests I still regard it as being sensational. I have the greatest respect for the general practitioner, but I find it difficult to believe that a 'New Hope' for mankind will dawn when he has learned and put into practice the methods of hypnosis taught him by the authors of this book. I am not a psychiatrist, but I am confident that the vast majority of my psychological colleagues will agree with me that great discrimination has to be shown in selecting patients suitable for treatment by hypnosis. There are many cases in which such treatment will produce only a temporary improvement, and there are also cases in which it is capable of causing great harm. Much more experience is therefore needed in selecting the right case for treatment by this method than the general practitioner is likely to possess. In the small space nowadays allowed to possess. In the small space nowadays allowed to reviewers it is impossible to give an adequate description of any book, and I regret that I had no space to discuss the authors' theories of hypnosis, psychoneurosis, and psychosomatic disorders. My main concern was to try to correct what I regarded as being the extravagant claims made by the authors for hypnotic treatment. I can assure them that my review would have been the same had it been the custom to publish signed reviews in The LISTENER.]

#### 'New Poems 1953'

Sir,-In a review of New Poems: 1953: a P.E.N. Anthology which appeared in THE LISTENER of July 16 I found the following sentence: 'It is good to see George Barker represented by "Channel Crossing", a magnificent poem, which it is highly culpable of the editors to print with one line missing'. While agreeing with your reviewer that Mr. Barker's is a magnificent poem I feel that, as secretary of the P.E.N., I must exonerate the editors, who most conscientiously carried out an exacting task, by informing you that proofs of each poem in the anthology were submitted to its author and Mr. Barker's marked and passed proofs, which I have in my files, exactly tally with the poem as printed.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W. 3 DAVID CARVER General Secretary, The P.E.N.

#### Charm of Old Names

Sir,-I was most interested to read in THE LISTENER of July 23, Mr. John Bird's interesting account of old Warwickshire names for fields.

My uncle once worked on a big estate on the Devon and Cornwall borders, near Launceston. Most of the fields were named: the ones I can remember best were East Park, West Park, Oxham, and Martin's Maish, East Park and West Park were easily explained, they lay on these respective sides of the actual Park land; Oxham I never really fathomed out, but Martin's Maish had me really puzzled, until I went into the field and then it suddenly dawned on me. The field itself was quite small, running down a steep slope, and at the bottom was-a strip of marshy ground, so soft that at anytime, even in the driest weather, one could have been sure of a muddy shoe. 'Maish' was, then, a corruption of 'marsh'-but who Martin was I never found out!

I wish someone would form a society for the preservation and general use of these attractive old names.-Yours, etc.,

MARGARET JAGO Exmouth

# Painting in Paris Today

#### By GEORGES DUTHUIT

HE most casual glance at one of the publications which list the week's entertainment in Paris will tell you that the arts, and more particularly painting, occupy a conspicuous place in the programmes of entertainments. Exhibitions both in public museums and private galleries rank among restaurants, night-clubs, and cinemas. Miró rubs elbows with Maxim's and Braque with Tabarin. Every morning the postman showers us with invitations to a dozen openings. And do not think for a minute that these are ignored: dense crowds hasten to the rendez-vous. When Charpentier unveils its nudes, police cordons have to be formed in the streets. A daily newspaper that had accustomed us to depressing political views has been running for weeks, on its front page, the answers given by various personalities to the question: 'Must we burn Picasso or adore him?'

#### 'Better Headlines than Film Stars . . .'

Painters make better headlines than film stars or prima donnas. They have their own publications which buyers grab feverishly as if they were scandal sheets-and are they not? At night people queue up for the pleasure of seeing a camera buzzing ineffectually, like a drone, around the paintings of some master, past or present: Rembrandt or Matisse, Rubens or Rouault. On the left bank, groups form in the streets: you think that they are giving each other tips on the races, the latest information from the Stock Exchange, some new rumour of a crisis. But no: as you approach you will hear: 'What did Picasso answer?—Was Léger mad?—Did Chagall mind?' The place of painting is as important in our daily life as that of, say, shopping. And, as a matter of fact, the conservative curators of our national museums have implicitly admitted this state of affairs by reorganising their collections so as to show them in the manner of window-displays along the rue du Faubourg St.-Honoré: the Mona Lisa and Helen Fourment, bright, shiny, and as fresh as new-so eager to be freshened, in fact, that a good deal of the original painting seems to have been scraped away together with the sediments of time. And when, finally, you consider the importance attached to the public pronouncements of a Picasso and compare them with the absolute contempt shown to Velasquez or Rubens by the grandees of their day—in spite of their lifelong efforts to attain diplomatic prestige -you begin to realise that something has changed in the part played by painting on the social scene.

Far be it from me to pose as a sociologist. Yet if we are to ask ourselves what has given this new dignity to the pictorial arts, we cannot help but touch questions that lie beyond the boundaries of aesthetics. Perhaps we should distinguish between the love of the old and the affection for the new. The frenzied revival of interest in museums is largely due, it seems to me, to a general sense of unrest. It is like the almost hysterical tenderness which you develop toward your parents when you know you will lose them soon. Before, one had rather neglected them; now, one begins to think that they were not such bad people after all. So it is that, as we grow more convinced that no new luxuries will be added to the luxuries of old, we begin to cling frantically to the treasures of the past. Inventory succeeds invention.

The interest shown to the new, on the other hand, may be attributed to slightly different reasons. And if some of these must be placed under the heading of the public, others—and this fact is for once a pleasant thing to state—are to the artist's honour. I mean to leave aside all considerations of particular schools and particular degrees of talent, in order to underline a trait common to most modern painters: they are concerned with the impact of their work on the spectator. Gauguin after Delacroix clearly stated the need for painting to be legible, to meet the public eye rather than seek to attract it to its own labyrinths—in a word, to become monumental, that is to say, a part of the atmosphere in which it is placed and wherein we encounter it. To show the ways in which painters have striven over the past seventy years to achieve a more direct idiom would be to write the history of contemporary painting. I might thus show how colour began to speak for itself, because of the efforts of Vuillard and Bonnard, of Matisse and the Fauves; how form in turn achieved independence first with the cubists and now with

the abstract artists. In these brief moments, however, I could attempt neither to sketch this development nor to evaluate its contribution. But I wish to point out its general effect—a favourable one on the whole, as that general public interest of which I have spoken bears witness. Painters have taken their cue, since the days of Toulouse-Lautrec, from the technique of the poster. Their works now reach us with some of the freshness and clarity that speak from every wall and modulate our moods as we walk along the streets of our city or pace back and forth on the platforms of the underground.

It should be pointed out that on our generally gloomy cultural scene painting is the only art exercising this influence, the only one in which a note of optimism has been deliberately introduced and kept alive. Literature, for instance, seems to have succumbed to the depressing influence of realism. While from Genet to the mystery stories of Duhamel's série noire the influence of Sartre has cast a pall over the greater part of fiction. Poets, following the lead of Rimbaud, are predicting in apocalyptic terms the end of the human race, whereas many young painters on the contrary, as the Salon de Mai recently proved, have managed to preserve some of the cheerful serenity of two old masters, Matisse and Dufy. There is a significant revival of interest in the work of Dufy, who died recently and whose work can at present be seen in two exhibitions.

But there are other factors involved in this sudden rise to popularity. Not so long ago, only a few artists reacted against the malevolent pressure of society. Now society itself is overcome by distaste, or, at least, by exasperation at the sight of its own features. As a result, society identifies itself with their protest—a behaviour not in the least dangerous since the urge to revolt thus limits itself to the harmless domain of the arts. It was cubism that first marked the rapprochement between artist and public. Small wonder, since it entirely satisfied current tastes and distastes. Reality was beginning to lose the appearance of a pleasant dream and fast turning to nightmare. The new art catered for the increasing need for escape. How complicated, nauseous, things had become! Here, once again, were to be found hygiene and strict health. Science filled the place left vacant by vanished beliefs.

#### Universal Puzzlement

One thing seems sure: there is universal puzzlement. Here, probably, is the primary cause of the success achieved by various non-figurative schools. Not only did abstraction cater to certain desires and denials but something in it diabolically took advantage of the wind of panic that was beginning to blow on every mind at the eve of the first world war. Beyond the qualities of clarity, monumentality, antiseptic cleanliness, and inhumanity which characterise abstract painting, cubism and its offshoots imposed themselves on the public by another attribute that had little to do with art. And, as a matter of fact, political movements are intervening in the clash of artistic schools. The communists led by Aragon in the Lettres Françaises have officially endorsed the most pedestrian realism—a position which has caused some friction in recent months between them and the still anarchistically minded Picasso. The most violent opposition to this trend comes from the school of abstraction, and it is rather curious to note that its most ardent advocates, even in Paris, are the young Americans. Last year, the work of their elders, from Feininger to Pollock had been shown at our Museum of Modern Art; today the small galleries on the left bank frequently display the works of Sam Francis, Riopelle, and youthful disciples of Rothko, de Kooning, Still, or Reinhardt. This cosmopolitan influx has always characterised Paris. But what we must note is that the new contingent draws its strength less from the provinces, from Spain and Central Europe-Matisse, Braque, Picasso, Gris, Miró, Soutine, Chagallthan from the New World. In a way, this explains the success of extremism. And perhaps what we call the snobbishness of certain circles, their obsession to keep up to date, is merely the reflection of the haunting fear that paralyses them: to fall by the road side, to be trampled and crushed by the surging tide because they have ceased to belong. That is what today we call a communal art. It is less a matter of pleasure, for the spectator, than of keeping up with this stakhanovite rhythm of

Say, paint, print, whatever you please; provided you do so with enough assurance and a tone sufficiently trenchant, you will not be questioned. The apocalypse opens its arsenal of weapons to you. We have entered into the age of delegated authority, we want someone to think and judge for us, and we are satisfied, should he but give us the most external guarantees of competence, to trust ourselves to him body and soul. How, under these conditions, could abstract art possibly fail? Never has there been a more deliberate and systematic undertaking. It holds all the aces in its hand. It presents itself to us as painting and as something more than painting. The great retrospective show of cubist painting held this spring at the Museum of Modern Art allowed us to note that the spectator took interest in the works of Picasso, Braque. and Gris not only because they were attractively painted—they no longer were, in the case of their followers Lhote, Gleizes, or Metzinger, yet the same awe and veneration persisted—but because they had something to tell people that seemed to partake of a kind of divine revelation and truth. Cubism has set the tone for Kandinsky, Mondrian, and Hartung

or Soulage, Bissière or de Stäel Bazaine. A new god spoke through these canvases, and yet their own value was in no way lessened by this fact. They promised to topple the walls of the old temples to the earth. but meanwhile they could provide for these same walls pleasant and lively decoration

For we should not forget that these very failings also provided fertile ground for new experiments. At the same time as art was becoming more or less esoteric and inaccessible to the general public, it is a paradoxical fact that closer bonds or, at least, a common understanding in matters of decoration, have been established between the artist and the public. A common language is evolving, whose best and most striking features are clarity, simplicity, directness, and brightness of colour. And even the chaos which we have mentioned has had a propitious effect. Kandinsky once said, taking up the cry which Rabelais raised at a time not entirely unlike our own: 'Do as you please!' Here in Paris, as elsewhere, most painters have heeded this call, and the result has been a freedom of expression, an ebullience of experiments, an exciting newness of which we have not even begun to reap the unpredictable discoveries.—Third Programme

Gardening

## **Propagating Shrubs**

By F. H. STREETER

O propagate shrubs, you should have a cold frame or a deepish box with glass on top; do not rely on rooting them without a little protection. Let us say you have only a box. Put it in a shady place quite close to the house, where you can keep an eye on it. Put in a good rooting medium of two parts sand and one part fine peat. or leaf soil will do, whatever is easiest for you. Turn it about three

times to get it thoroughly mixed. Some will say strike the cuttings in sand alone, but take my advice and give them the mixture of sand and peat or leaf soil. After rooting them in this way you can lift them out with a good ball of soil round the young roots, whereas if you have sand only it may fall off, causing the roots to have to start all over again, and this is a big check. I should allow the soil a depth of six or seven inches; make it firm before putting in the cuttings.

Next, carefully select your cuttings-not the thick, soft, fleshy growths or flowering well-ripened. heads but shortish shoots, say five to six inches long and with a heel if you can manage it: that means a small piece of the old parent wood. Take hold

Cutting ready for planting

of the piece you intend for your cutting, give it a downward sharp tug, and you will then see a strip of rind at the base of the cuttings; this is called the heel. Just trim the two ends neatly and your cutting is ready to go in. It is just as well to put your cuttings into a bucket of water to keep them fresh until they are ready to be dibbed into the box. Keep each variety separate and label them; do not rely on your memory, however good it is, for names will slip sometimes.

When inserting the cuttings always make sure the bottom of the cutting is resting on a firm base. You must take special care over this because if there is a hollow space underneath the cutting it will have nothing to root into and will die. Also, do not overcrowd but give them elbow room, at least three or four inches apart, and set them firmly by pressing the soil well round them with the fingers. Next, give a good watering with a rosed can, then place the sheet of glass on top of the box and keep it well shaded. I should take the shading off at night, but

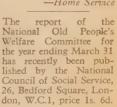
do not forget to put it on in the morning, and turn the glass and wipe off the condensed moisture before replacing. Try to keep them from flagging, and in a very short time you will notice they are looking fresh, which shows they are on the move.

Allow at least a month under these conditions and then gradually keep the shading off, and begin to let a little air in night and day. Lift the glass up by pushing a label in first, flat-ways, and gradually increase until you leave the glass off altogether. You will see new growths pushing up, so, if possible, I should not move them until the spring—as frost and cold might damage the young wood. Always keep them clean, free from weeds and any leaves which may fall. When you notice the leaves falling off do not be alarmed; that is only natural, and in the spring they will soon start throwing out new growths.

Some of the hardy things, such as ericas, can be put in much closer, two-and-a-half to three inches long, without a heel, and an inch or so apart. Rosemary and lavender and hardy fuchsias can be easily rooted on the young wood shoots. After you have tried this method several times you will soon gain experience, and I am sure you will enjoy every minute devoted to this fascinating job of rooting your own stuff.

Here are a few suggestions: remove your old flowering stems of delphiniums and lupins down to the top pair of leaves of the plants. As soon as the pansies finish, do not be afraid to cut over the long straggling growths. They will then make new shoots and flowering again freely. When you water, thoroughly soak the ground round VOUL plants. Finally, make your plans for next year's display and start propagating in readiness.

-Home Service





Preparing a cutting for planting

# Three London Art Galleries





Left: 'Two Cows', by H. Gotlib, from 'Names to Remember' at Roland Browse and Delbanco's. Right: 'Boy in Costume' (1950), by Justin O'Brien, from the exhibition of 'Twelve Australian Artists' at the New Burlington Galleries





Above: 'Bathers at Twin Rocks', by Donald Friend, also from the exhibition 'Twelve Australian Artists'. Left: 'Portrait of Jean Cocteau', by Modigliani, from 'Artists of Fame and Promise' at the Leicester Galleries

# The Listener's Book Chronicle

Speeches. By Adlai E. Stevenson. André Deutsch. 12s. 6d.

ELECTION SPEECHES USUALLY DIE on the tongue. A month after they are made they are irrelevant to the current scene. Shrewd debating points which seemed so effective or so funny at the time are quickly out-moded by the movement of events. Rousing harangues, exciting and vivid to the audience to which they were addressed, are flat and stale when immobilised in print. The stock election speech depends for its success on atmosphere, on the gestures and manner of the speaker, on the transient context. Like editorials in popular newspapers they are not made to last.

So it is quite astonishing that Mr. Adlai Stevenson's Presidential campaign speeches of last autumn can even now be read with enjoyment and with profit. It is true that Mr. Stevenson has pruned them of some matter of purely local and evanescent interest. But the speeches remain substantially as they were delivered in an attempt to win the votes of the American electorate.

An American Presidential campaign lasts nearly three months. The candidates make one or more speeches daily. They are widely reported and each speech must contain something new. In this country politicians, however prominent, write their own election speeches and would be surprised at the suggestion that ghost writers should do their work for them; but the campaign is over in two or three weeks and four or five speeches are sufficient. In America it would be impossible for any Presidential candidate, even if he went without sleep, to write all his own speeches. The result is that the American people are as a rule subjected to a steady bombardment of second-hand platitudes prepared by teams of writers who see little of their candidate.

But Mr. Stevenson had an exceptional advantage over his team of speech writers, many of whom were Harvard lecturers and professors: he was capable of writing, by himself, a better speech than any of them. He did not accept uncomplainingly from their hands a series of cliché-ridden documents intended to be meekly read out by the candidate. His method was to explain to his team the thoughts he wished to express and to require them to do the research and provide the materials for the construction of each speech. He would then work on the speech himself, bring it into line with his own style and mannerisms and imbue it with his own distinguished thought.

That is why this book of speeches reads so coherently and is impregnated with a discernible and stimulating political philosophy. When Mr. Stevenson was nominated as the Democratic candidate few people outside Illinois, where he was Governor, had heard of him. He had only a brief period to make himself known against a rival who had long been a national hero. He began with a series of speeches designed to set out his programme, and identify himself with it in the public mind, on a dozen major topics of American politics. After the first two or three America realised that something quite new was happening in politics. The speeches were not stodgy declamations of political principles. They were fresh and at times almost gay. Every one of them was illumined by jokes which cracked and sparkled from New York to California, from the Deep South to the Canadian border. (In every speech are two or three like this one at a Town Hall meeting in Los Angeles: 'The last time I was in this room was in May of 1942—ten years ago—with my beloved and celebrated boss at that time, Colonel Frank Knox, the Secretary of the Navy. He made a much better speech to you at that time than I will today, and I know because I wrote both of them?

Yet Mr. Stevenson made no concessions to his audiences. His speeches were the best that his intellect, and his is a very good one, could devise. His style is smooth and clear and he did not hesitate to use his lucidity to tackle profound and difficult subjects. It was his ambition, as he put it, 'to talk sense to the American people', and he did so with a nervous, sensitive directness which made a deep impact. He did not win, but he got twenty-seven million votes-considerably more than any previous Democratic candidate. Despite his defeat he proved that it was possible to make speeches that would have been tolerable as university lectures and to be listened to with respect and interest by the generality of people. His was the most remarkable attempt of our times to be the philosopherking. From this book of his speeches British readers will learn, in an agreeable way, much of permanent value about America; and from the charming and modest introduction that Mr. Stevenson has added they will learn much of Mr. Stevenson himself, about whom more is still to be heard

#### The Man in Leather Breeches: the Life and Times of George Fox. By Vernon Noble, Elek. 21s.

In Shrewsbury they called him 'the Great Quaker of England'; and to his own people George Fox is still just that: the revered leader, whose sayings and doings are valued as Holy Writ. But outsiders find him a puzzling figure. less attractive than William Penn or John Woolman. A good popular book on Fox, especially if written by someone who, like Mr. Noble, is not a Quaker, would be valuable. Mr. Noble's study has some, but not all, of the required qualities. He avoids the chief trap of the popular biographer; he does not condescend to his characters, or make Olympian comments from the safe heights of posterity. His account is balanced, accurate, and sympathetic; his style a little too unbuttoned ('Fox seems to have had a weakness for leaky boats, and the one that took them back to England was well up to unsafe

Mr. Noble has felt the paradox of his hero. George Fox was a fanatic whose abiding quality was common sense; a solitary who organised an international community on enduring lines; a democrat so extreme that he denied even himself a title, yet a leader so absolute that when he entered a meeting all others fell silent. He loved all men, but took note of the divine vengeance which struck down his persecutors, as if God were less magnanimous than George Fox. He wrote only with difficulty, yet cherished education. He came from Drayton-in-the-Clay, which was as remote as it sounds, yet commanded the respect of Cromwell, Elizabeth of Bohemia, and Charles II

In considering this paradoxical person, it is among Mr. Noble's merits that he asks many of the right questions; it is his chief defect that he lacks imagination in answering them. His title-provides a simple illustration:

It was not uncommon for men to wear leather breeches, travellers and soldiers did, so why Fox's attire should have aroused attention is uncertain . . . it may be that the breeches were of unusual design.

But surely the point is that, whatever their design, leather breeches were improper wear for a preacher? Only an age which contemplates without shame a bishop in khaki shorts could miss the infamy of it. The seventeenth contury might look askance at cope and dalmatic, and even find arguments against Geneva bands, but leather breeches-? Perhaps these breeches. and the hat which Fox wore even in the King's presence, and the question as to whether thee and thou was a proper form of address to one person. take up too much of the time of Fox, his judges, his enemies, his followers, and even his biographers. To Friends they were the badge of commitment, the outward signs of a way of life: but then the essence of Fox's message was that they were not to bother too much about outward signs. You have only to look at a packet of porridge oats to see the end of the process. It is possible for Mr. Noble to end his book by saying that 'it is not easy to become a member' of the Society of Friends, a statement which Fox would have found incomprehensible.

The anecdote which best illustrates Fox's charm and wisdom is given by Mr. Noble, but unfortunately it has no earlier authority than Samuel Janney's Life of William Penn (1852). Friends took it amiss that William Penn, although now one of the harmless people of God, still wore his courtly sword. Penn came to Fox about it: 'Wear it as long as thou canst' said Fox. Those who prefer Fox at first hand may find him in the letter he wrote to Cromwell's daughter, Elizabeth Claypole, as she lay ill and troubled in mind:

Do not look at the temptations, confusions, corruptions, but at the light that discovers them; and with the same light you will feel over them, to receive power to stand against them That will give victory; and you will find grace and strength; and there is the first step of peace.

The First Four Years: the report of the Children's Officer of the City of Birmingham for the Period from February, 1949, to January, 1953. Birmingham Printers. 2s. 6d.

There are many who suppose that the life of children in residential institutions is still very much what it was when Oliver Twist was whacked on the head with the ladle because he asked for a second helping of gruel. Let them look at the photographs of such children printed in this Report, and then study its chapters, diagrams, and tables. Its purpose is to describe in detail the work carried out by one of the largest local authorities under the Children Act of 1948; and it thus provides the first full account of the results of a new piece of social legislation.

In Birmingham, we are told, 'the total case-load of children in care or under supervision' amounted at the end of last year to over 3,000 boys and girls. Of those admitted under Section 1 (1) of the Act, about one half were received for temporary reasons, such as illness in the home or the confinement of the mother, and the children therefore remained under the Committee's care for short periods only. The next largest group was accepted because the families were homeless or lacked accommodation, or because the parents were suffering from mental illness or chronic physical disease; most of them remained in care for a period varying from six months to a couple of years. The most serious



Book Society Recommendation

#### DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE

Edith de Born

12s. 6d

Mr. Evelyn Waugh writes: 'Madame de Born has already attracted the admiration of the fastidious by admiration of the fastidious by her two previous works; brief, severely elegant, classical contes. In Daughter of the House she has spread her wings full span. It is a haunting, highly original story an authentic work of art which may well prove a "best-seller".'

#### MUSIC PERHAPS

Kitty Barne

12s. 6d

A new book by this well-known writer of novels with a musical theme. Miss Barne's characters, whether musicians or not, are as always highly individual and life-like.

CHAPMAN & HALL

### In Print

BY MAURICE NICOLL

Psychological Commentaries on the Teaching of Gurdjieff and Ouspensky 3 vols £4 4s the set

Living Time 25s net

The New Man 15s net (PUBLISHED BY STUART & RICHARDS)

also

The Paris Review Quarterly 4s net

On the Four Quartets of T. S. Eliot WITH A FOREWORD BY ROY CAMPBELL 10s 6d net

VINCENT STUART 55 WELBECK ST LONDON WI

Noteworthy

Brian Vesey-FitzGerald's

Winchester

The only available history. The author begins in pre-history and ends with the present day, the whole presented in a personal, intimate way. With 49 beautiful photographs by J. Allan Cash.

192 pp. 18s. net

Lionel McColvin's

The Personal Library

A guide to book-collecting by the Westminster City Librarian. 'The best thing of its kind ever written'—Daniel George in Tribune.

160 pp. 9s. 6d. net

Ivor Bulmer-Thomas's

The Party System in Great Britain

'A clear, sensible and thoughtful

'Should at once take its place as a standard work.'—Quarterly Review.
328 pp. 25s. net

L. Hugh Newman's **Butterfly Farming** 

The complete, illustrated story of of the Bexley Butterfly Farm. 'I found Mr. Newman's book entirely fascinating'—Observer. 208 pp. 68 plates. 15s. net

noenix

From all bookshops

Chatto & Windus

### Hellebore the Clown

MAURICE ROWDON

"One of the truest novels I have ever read . . . An exquisite story"

Nigel Nicolson

"A remarkably assured performance...Here is a fresh, vigorous and altogether original talent"

John O'London

"It reveals more than a dash of originality and takes the reader to the heart of an unhackneyed emotional situation"

Birmingham Post

"Character is subtly observed and conveyed . . . The climax of the first performance is beautifully related" Scotsman

240 pp. 10s. 6d.

#### **CLOSE YOUR INCOME** GAP BY WRITING

Many people mean to take up writing when they have the time. They keep putting it off and get nowhere. Are you one of these?

Nearly everyone who really tries can spare two or three hours a week on a profitable hobby and even at this rate much can be done in a year.

The market today is rapidly widening as the paper position improves. New publications are appearing—new avenues for free-lances.

The London School of Journalism was founded under the aegis of the great leaders of the Press and over a period of a third of a century has raised the level of personal coaching by correspondence to a height that draws praise from all parts of the world. Wherever you live you can study with the LSJ and if you are attracted to writing—Stories, Articles, Poetry, Radio scripts—Write now to the School for advice.

Thousands of writers all over the world have been coached by the LSJ and successes often begin at an early stage of a Course. You may send a MS. for a free opinion if you wish, but in any case you should obtain the attractive, world-famous booklet "Writing for the Press." It is free on application to:

Chief Secretary

LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM 57 GORDON SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1 MUSeum 4574

**Book Society Choice** Daily Mail August Book of the Month

# >>> T | | | | | <<< Overloaded >>> A R K <<<



### Gerald. Durrell

An outstanding account, often exceedingly funny, of an expedition to the rain forests of the Cameroons in search of unique animals, insects and birds. The author, a professional animal-collector, bagged an extra-ordinary menagerie, including two of the rarest creatures in Africa—the fabulous, golden-eyed, Angwantibo, and a 'living fossil', the whiskered Giant Water Shrew. JULIAN HUXLEY writes: 'A vivid picture of the wonderful natural history of tropical West Africa'. With 25 drawings. Out tomorrow. 15/-

### **>>>><<**<<

LAWRENCE DURRELL

#### Reflections on a Marine Venus

LAWRENCE DURRELL'S first companion to Mediterranean landscape was Prospero's Cell, a guide to Corfu. His new book is devoted to Rhodes, employing the same discursive technique with wit and poetic insight to evoke the past and present of this lovely Greek island.
With 8'pages of plates. 25/-

#### Best Cricket Stories

E. W. SWANTON has chosen this excellent collection from the vast literature of Cricket, and includes pieces, some reportage, some fiction, by such famous names as Sir Don Bradman, C. B. Fry, 'Plum' Warner, Bernard Darwin, Neville Cardus and R. C. Robertson-Glasgow. 12/6

### Faber & Faber **>>>>>>>>**

cases of all-about 15 per cent,-were 'long stay cases', admitted because they had been abandoned or lost, or because the mother had died or had deserted them, or because the parents were serving terms of imprisonment. What can a Children's Department do for these 'derelicts of human misfortune??

The Curtis Committee, as a result of its extensive inquiries, rightly laid the greatest stress on the fact that so many boys and girls brought up in a residential institution had hitherto enjoyed little or no opportunity for discovering what life in a normal environment is like; and then, when their school days are ended, such voungsters find themselves suddenly plunged in a world which is entirely new to them and for which they are wholly unadapted. In Birmingham, however, so the report assures us. this danger had already been recognised; and various attempts had been made to counter it. The guiding principle has been to make the new home of the homeless more homelike.

The first step is evidently to study the individual child, and then, so far as is practicable, plan the ensuing arrangements so as to meet the special needs of each boy or girl. For delinquent children, one of the three remand homes has been formed into an observation-centre-'no clinic or soulless laboratory', we are told, 'where the child is a "case" to be probed', but a converted country house, where modern psychological methods-devices which to the children seem more like games with sand-travs, coloured crayons, novel toys, and puppet-theatres-are employed to secure a fuller knowledge of each child's personality, and thus to fit (so far as conditions allow) the home to the child rather than the child to the home. But far wider cooperation is needed from the general public. Foster parents usually ask for a girl, and few will accept more than one child. Yet the greater number of cases are boys; and two cases out of three have brothers or sisters who should, if possible, go with them. Outside help is needed in other ways. A visitor inquired of one small youngster whether he had a daddy or a mummy: 'No', said Johnnie, 'but I've an artificial Auntie'. The Children's Committee has endeavoured to enlist the help of kindly 'uncles and 'aunts' who will visit their unofficial nephews and nieces at frequent intervals, take them for excursions to shops, museums, circuses, or a day in the country, or, best of all, invite them to share for a few happy hours the life of a normal home

A good deal of research has been carried out at the various centres. Unfortunately, as the report points out, investigators from universities are too often content with mere numerical tabulations and a comparison of wholesale proportions and percentages: the twofold procedure adopted for studying problems of delinquency in London-the detailed study of case-histories side by side with a statistical analysis-would do far more to clarify the problems involved, and to discover what degree of success has been achieved and the commoner causes of failure.

The whole report is full of detailed information that should appeal, not only to the psychologist and the sociologist, but also to every citizen who is interested in the welfare of handicapped children. It demonstrates the admirable work that may be accomplished by a progressive local authority working through an enlightened Children's Committee and Officer.

#### Storming the Citadel. The Rise of the Woman Doctor. By E. Moberley Bell. Constable. 18s.

We are so accustomed now to female medical students and woman doctors that the title of this book sounds melodramatic. When was it necessary for women to storm a medical citadel of suitable, perhaps, for a history of the suffragette movement, but not for the entrance of women into the medical profession. But after we have read in this book of the fierce opposition which the women pioneers in medicine encountered. both in their own homes and in the medical schools without, the title becomes less inappropriate. The author records how Elizabeth Garrett's mother 'shut herself up in her room and cried for two days. She declared it would be a disgrace to have a daughter leaving home to earn her own living. The older generation backed her up. 'You will kill your mother if you go on with this', she was told. Yet Elizabeth was tough enough to 'go on' and eventually to qualify. It would seem therefore that the struggles of the earlier women doctors are in danger of being forgotten and that it is fitting that they should be recorded. This Miss Moberley has done in the series of short biographies of Elizabeth Blackwell, Elizabeth Garrett, Sophia Jex-Blake and Mary Scharlieb. Her story spans a hundred years, starting in 1847 and ending triumphantly in 1944, with the issue of the Goodenough Report with its recommendation that all medical schools receiving exchequer grants should admit 'a reasonable proportion of women students.' Success stories supply enjoyable reading.

#### Middlesex. By Michael Robbins. Collins: 'New Survey of England'.

Of 'county books' there seems to be no end. Mr. Robbins' book is the first of a new series under the general editorship of Professor Simmons, who claims for it a more definitely historical purpose than would seem to underlie the more discursive volumes of at least one other recent project. Here the approach is from the side of 'local history'; and both editor and writer emphasise their attitude to the subject as one which sees past and present as parts of a whole, adding to the narrowly historical material the work of topographical artists, maps and, above all, first-hand knowledge of the places written about.

Such books deserve to be read for their own interest and enjoyment, but they have another more 'practical' value. The interest in local history which this new survey should do much to foster is our best long-term hope in the neverending battle to preserve what is most worthy from our rich and varied past, in the rural scene no less than in the more obviously manmade villages and towns.

Mr. Robbins writes engagingly of a county whose particular claim to the distinction which most English counties possess resides in the somewhat negative fact of its domination by London. The foundation of that domination was laid in Roman times, when the first city started to control the river which the author rightly recognises as the 'prime geographical fact' of Middlesex. From then on the gravel terraces which had previously supported their small riverside settlements as independent entities increasingly ministered to the needs of London -first with their market-garden produce, and at the present day as the location of aerodromes and reservoirs, of gravel-pits (and rubbish dumps), of 'dormitory' housing estates and 'light industries'. The Ordnance map shows the 'country' of Middlesex steadily being engulfed by the westward- and northward-spreading tide of building; some few of the ancient villages remain, though they also are suffering at the hands of the 'developer

In the final chapter of the first historical part of the book Mr. Robbins discusses at length the problems of the 'suburban county'. He has given close and sympathetic attention to the efforts of the new aggregations of population to achieve what he calls 'a proper balance of social life' and urges the importance of links with the past as one means of giving a sense of continuity and stability while maintaining the individuality and distinctness of places which are too readily dismissed as possessing neither Place-names are a case in point: too many of the older names are being swept away in the interests of administrative convenience and tidiness. Here Mr. Robbins is following consistently the concept of local history upon which the series is based: understanding and use of the past are essential to a full use of present and future. thesis is often stated, but the signs still are that it cannot be repeated too often.

The second part of the volume is taken up with a topographical account of Middlesex which is at once historical, architectural and social. It testifies to Mr. Robbins' wide reading. informed observation and extensive local knowledge and should encourage the inquisitive reader to look again at places which he may have dismissed too readily as mere adjuncts to London or as impediments to his wish to get away

from it

Middlesex is a worthy opening volume of what should be an excellent and useful series. One of its most valuable features is a properly organised and full bibliography and set of notes for which the more serious reader will be particularly grateful. But in future volumes would the editor and publishers consider printing the notes at the foot of the text? Experience teaches that this is far more convenient than grouping them at the end.

#### In Spite Of. By John Cowper Powys. Macdonald, 15s.

It is unlikely that Mr. Powys wrote his 'philosophy for Everyman' with any conscious intention of rivalling Sartor Resartus; otherwise he would have acknowledged his debt as enthusiastically as he thanks Homer, Rabelais, Goethe or Whitman for their contributions, But these two world philosophies are alike in presenting their serious message in terms of cosmic comedy, with, beneath the irony, a similar passionate and painful belief and desire to be believed. In other respects the philosophy of Mr. Powys is the antithesis of Carlyle's. He quotes Carlyle's 'Get your work done! Work is the important thing, not whether you are cheerful or utterly miserable', and retorts: 'We hold that this damned business of "our work" is of no importance at all compared with our feelings of happiness or misery'. 'How to enjoy being alive is the sole concern of the Philosophy of In Spite' Perhaps it is precisely in an Age of Anxiety like our own that such a message is most worth giving. Hedonism, the perennial philosophy of those who reject both theology and its other alternative, despair, is by no means the least arduous and honourable of spiritual disciplines.

It is far easier to suffer than to enjoy; and a philosophy of enjoyment can be as profound and realistic in its confrontation of the universe, can cover as varied a range of valuable human activities-not excluding Carlyle's Work-as a

philosophy of resignation or anguish.

Mr. Powys presents his way of life in the form of a handbook for circumventing the obstacles which might otherwise prevent us from following it. He gives recipes for evading some, neutralising others, and for changing all into fuel for the very enjoyment they try to extinguish. He misses out a good many of the obstructive forces-war, sex, marriage, for example—but he deals so persuasively with those he chooses (among them are science, religion, loneliness, insanity and other people) as to make the convertible reader feel, rightly or wrongly,

that he can invent his own tricks and charms to meet the rest. Beneath this not too far from complete picture of the world lies the author's sense of the comedy of it all. He maintains the fiction (perhaps it is not a fiction) that the philosophy of In Spite is being worked out, for the benefit of his ideal reader ('dearest of wavering convertites') by the experimentations of 'our little band' of initiates—'we are, of course, making it up as we go along'. 'Let us suppose', he begins, with the air of one illustrating his point by an example from common life—and the example turns out to be some such

exclusively Powysian activity as the ecstatic contemplation of 'a particular chip at the edge of a cup that enabled us to get it cheap at the Oswestry fair', or the supreme sensual pleasure of devouring a crusty loaf with butter. Below it all, beneath the practical hints, the close suprarational reasoning, the ideas and the humour, is the extraordinary personality of Mr. Powys, with his ogreish, malicious saintliness, like an amalgam of Father Karamazov and Father

In Spite of can give real assistance in the art of living, but above all it is full of the subjective element, the personal equation, which even academic philosophers tend increasingly to admit may be valid not only as human, but as metaphysical experience. Mr. Powys is a pagan who is profoundly influenced by Christianity, a sensualist whose pleasures are mainly of the mind, a repentant sadist who has never practised sadism; he finds his harmony in a reconciliation of humility and pride, simple courage and cunning evasion, contemplation of reality and magical changing of reality. In Spite of is a practical book, a comic book, and a work of philosophical art by a master of incantation.

### **New Novels**

A Stranger Came to the Farm. By Mika Waltari. Putnam. 10s. 6d. The Other Place. By J. B. Priestley. Heinemann. 12s. 6d. Cry out of the Depths. By Georges Duhamel. Dent. 12s. 6d. Aunt Jeanne. By Georges Simenon. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 8s. 6d.

R. WALTARI has written a good novel about peasant life in Finland. The midnight sun shines down and everything is fundamental. Hate, love, work; work, love, hate-these are his themes, observed across the slow, heavy rhythms of the men who plough the furrows. In this eerie half-light, all actions are solemn and mysterious and symbolic; we are aware how close man is to nature, and are told that the majority of the human race are swayed by only half a dozen passions. Remove from them the influence of love and hate, pleasure and pain, hope and fear (Mr. Waltari seems to say), and they have no further feelings. He never ceases to tell us that all the finer feelings of the town-dweller are nothing.

The Stranger comes to work on the farm where 'leafless osiers grow in the ditches, and in the evenings a dank mist rises from the mere' He replaces the ineffective owner in the affections of the wife, a silent, morose, powerful woman possessing, after the manner of such folk, passions of volcanic suddenness. We know when the Stranger arrives and she watches him place his big, hairy, sweaty hand on the plough, what will be the outcome. And we wait, mesmerised, for the D. H. Lawrence scene which comes, sure enough, down on the lake, by the osier clump, on the still, silent earth. The owner kills the Stranger. The woman kills the owner with an axe. It is as simple as all that. The book finishes, 'She was to bear a child, but the knowledge brought not the least spark of joy to her Those quenched eyes (the frozen spirit. Stranger's) could never see it. She surveyed the land spread out below her, under the pale sky. The land knew neither joy nor sorrow, and in this she resembled it . . . . Cold Comfort Farm all right-but the story is well told. When Mr. Waltari says the red eyes of the ancestral ape still blink behind the spectacles of civilisation, we do not argue with him.

Mr. Priestley also sees the ancestral ape-but in a town-dweller's way, expressed in his familiar Blackley Railway Hotel idiom. In one of the short stories from The Other Place, he sees him as Sir Bernard Clipter, a heavy industrialist at a City dinner, surrounded by equally heavy industrialists, all smoking Havanas. Instead of pole-axing him like Mr. Waltari, however, he suddenly introduces into the dining-room a couple of hopping lunatics in black carrying a coffin, which they open, and with hideous gestures of mockery, invite Sir Bernard to enter. And then when, a few moments later, the Director of Directors rises to propose the guest of honour, Sir Bernard is aware that the side of the speaker's face is being devoured by an enormous bloated crab. Strangest of all-no one else seems to be aware of these irregularities. All this is explained quite logically, of course—as taking place in Mr. Priestley's beloved nevernever world, where the clocks have stopped.

We have all of us, I suppose, known that uneasy, 'I've been here before' feeling. It can be explained in various ways—dreams, 'second-sight' hallucinations, Pythagoras' 'previous sight', hallucinations, Pythagoras' 'previous life'. Mr. Dunne has written treatises upon it, and Mr. Priestley has used it before as a theme for literature. But in that role it is no better than any other-which is to say that it reduces itself, like all themes, to the question of human relations. How much do they play a role in these interesting and unusual stories? I suggest that as the technical acrostics increase, so the literary value of this book diminishes, and it becomes a sort of detective story about puns with Time. But Mr. Priestley is an artist and all his preoccupation with the troublesome dimension cannot obscure the fact that, in spite of himself, he is more interested in human behaviour than in clocks and Mr. Dunne. His love of the individual and dislike of the mass, his fine ear for colloquial speech, observations such as, 'she had that look of tender amusement women have when they're fond of you-and sure of you too', reveal the writer rather than the quack scientist. He can still convey the atmosphere and smell of the Railway Hotel, Blackley, on a wet November Sunday, and make us interested in its dull inhabitants. Someone once said, 'the function of the novelist is to show the sorriness of the grandest things and the grandeur of the sorriest things'. In these stories about the people he knows so well, in their buses and 'parlours' and back-gardens-although caught for a moment in the Time Machine-Mr. Priestley is still a novelist.

The next novel is another translation—about the German occupation of France. There have been many tales about this. Indeed, one of the major literary disasters caused by a major military disaster, seems to be that it provides a kind of harvest of action, for writers to get drunk on. One's first reaction is therefore of suspicion. But it is unjustified. In Cry out of the Depths, M. Duhamel depicts a French business man who possesses that rather English quality of believing that what is best for himself is best for the country (like the shareholder who is firmly convinced that it is best not only for himself, but for England, that he should keep his stocks).

This business man, M. Tallemant, is extremely capable, and extremely aware that he is-that his brain is the only one which counts in his firm. He therefore gradually obtains complete control of it, buying up all the shares, helping the Germans (for this purpose only, of course), abandoning his friends, relations, even swindling his own daughter, whom he loves; and all the time persuading himself that it is very right and proper and for the good of France. He tells the story in the first person, in a tone of continuous self-justification; and the author's skill lies in the ingenious manner in which he makes his hero condemn himself by this very self-justification. M. Tallemant remains prosperous and successful throughout, under all flags, the English and the German, supporting the liberation as much as the occupation, always in complete sincerity, revered by his friends, family and business associates. It is only in the last line of the book that he begins to doubt if he has been doing rightwhen he lets out his sudden, terrifying cri des profondeurs . . . This is certainly a cautionary tale for the English.

Simenon's new novel begins with a coincidence, in the approved 'who-done-it' mannerthe suicide of a brother, on the same day that the heroine, after forty years away, returns home. But then, to our surprise, the tale turns into a serious study of French life, a roman de moeurs. Action is suddenly frozen, the corpses in the cupboard turn out to be old dresses and antimacassars, with the smell of time and old roses hanging about them, and we set off into the past, la nostalgie of provincial France, in the company of an old woman, who has returned to her birth-place only to find how things have changed. But it doesn't quite succeed. First, for a technical reason. While the action novel relies largely on dialogue, the roman de moeurs requires more varied treatment, with reflective and descriptive passages as well. M. Simenon is such a master of dialogue that he cannot resist it, and adapt himself to this requirement. long for his characters to stop talking, and to hear his comments on them. But we never do. Secondly, hé has lived so long with corpses, that we can't help seeing his most ordinary events through the eyes of Maigret. When Aunt Jeanne opens the door of the refrigerator, we still expect to find a head inside. But we find only a round of beef. He has tried to do what the great novelists do, make uninteresting things interesting. And he cannot do it. The suicide tells us

ANTHONY RHODES

### CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

#### DOCUMENTARY

#### Cutside Occasions

I FORGET; have we seen any pictures on television that could fairly be described as 'lovely'? A Radio Times note last week but it that 'never

can we expect a lovelier picture than when television cameras are turned on the Royal River Pageant on the Thames'. The hint of rapture was perhaps a little in excess of the present pictorial possibilities of television, though undeniably the programme in question offered many viewing pleasures. A 'be-ahno', to use Lord Curzon's pronunciation of beano, is something that has not been seen on London River for a long time.

This was officially called a pageant, but infelicitous weather sent it rolling across our screens like a wayzgoose nearing journey's end, and made it a great lark for those of us watching amid the comforts of the front room. Myself, I could scarcely keep from cheering sympathetically for them in their plight of pitching tide and wind and rain, as the boat-loads of citizenry went by in their numerous guises of history, ancient and modern. I augmented aloud the laughter which rose when an aldermanic bowler, raised in salute to the Queen, left its owner's grasp

and curved in a bounding flight towards Cleopatra's Needle. If it was not parody in Goethe's sense there was a touch of the raffish in more than the Bartholomew Fair tableau, with

its Restoration ladies holding down their skirts against the breeze. Measured dignity was set aside by the elements, which conspired to make only parenthetical use of Handel's 'Water Music' while giving us a full, sumptuous blast of the Welfare State anthem, 'There'll Always Be An England'.

As a start, we had some attractive pictures of the Queen receiving the curtseys and bows of honoured persons lined up for her arrival at the saluting point. We saw the Lord Mayor's whitegloved hand spurned by the lady to whom it was offered as his party stepped ashore. We had a good close view of the other City grandees doing their genuflections over the hydrangeas. We saw that it is not only the crowd that stares at royalty but that some of those with gold-chair privileges cannot resist the

same profound temptation. The camera's eye here was more pertinacious than usual: it missed little that was of human interest. This, in short, was fascinating television and I stared not only with the rest but with the best, including the gent with the waxed moustache who looked continually round at the Queen as if in hope of some sign, however small, of the royal favour.



Scene from 'The Course of Justice' on July 21: 'The Assizes', one of a series of documentary programmes by Duncan Ross

Of the long processional sequences, I hold to a memory of Doggett's Coat-and-Badge men bowing their heads in unison beneath poised oars in a movingly uncouth act of homage. But Elder Brethren of Trinity House and humble watermen between them put on a jolly good show, and my final impression was that it was we television viewers who had the best of it.

If we missed little except the colour of the Royal River Pageant—and I was afterwards told that it was never strikingly colourful—there was no moment of the transmissions from the

international horse show when I would not rather have been occupying the hardest, farthest seat there. than the armchair in front of my set at home. Focusing on the competitive parts of the show, the cameras catch its excitements and miss its charm: the boys and girls in hunting caps and jodhpurs who answer to names like Johnfrey and Petronella, the blue-veined faces of veterans of the Kandahar Club, the tweedy middle-aged ladies who drop their g's and quote Torrocks. This is a world of the horse in which the telephone cables are never cut and where the betting, if it exists, is probably conducted by family solicitors. In strictly minding its own business at the Horse Show television served us particularly well this year. The pictures were rarely less than good and often they were first-rate, notably those of the beautiful white stallions of the Spanish School of Vienna.

For some of the 'old pros' of television the documentary occasion of the week was no doubt the

'Course of Justice' programme, reproducing the workings of an assize court in a county town. Everybody was wonderfully kind to everybody else. Police exchanged side-of-the-mouth pleas-

antries with jurors. A fainting woman received almost affectionate attention. The judge called a man in the dock 'Mister'. Court life was presented as a model of seemliness from which the crimes and misdemeanours on the calendar were to be construed as regrettable lapses. A more faithful reflection caught by the programme was of society defending itself by a series of ethical sanctions that are the root and branch of a crime-and-punishment industry. The higher human values of justice and pity and mercy were by no means obscured. But the total effect was of a machine tended by a variety of skills not amenable to change. If that was the purpose of this old programme, refurbished, then I would say that it admirably succeeded. If it was not, then I might have to reconsider my previous verdict, which was favourable.



The Royal River Pageant on July 22: Doggett's Coat-and-Badge men passing up the Thames



Scene from Sheridan's 'The Duenna', produced on July 19 with new music by Julian Slade, with (left to right) Robert Cartland as Don Carlos, Jane Wenham as Donna Louisa, and Gerald Cross as Isaac Mendoza



'Trouble in the Sun', with Joyce Heron as Muriel Baxter, André Morell as Dr. Leon Weissberg, Margaret McCourt as Sonia Baxter (in his arms), Rosalie Crutchley as Anna Weissberg, and Hugh Burden as Martin Baxter

'Test Cricket': the cameras were more lively than usual in showing us the *chi-chi* which the 'fans' pretend not to notice. 'Travel by Rotor-Coach': extremely interesting, in a menacing sort of way. 'Private Opinion': not private enough for me. 'About Britain' with Richard Dimbleby: most attractive. 'Korean War Film' last Monday night: a workmanlike job of television journalism.

REGINALD POUND

#### DRAMA

Go Slow

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS when the risky height of home entertainment was a fifteen-mile trudge with the pianola (an artistic medium which like 'that there' in 'Macbeth', brought with its success, surcease), doubts were expressed when the newfangled and probably immoral toy called the gramophone made its appearance. Too little trouble was involved; obviously too much gramophone would be bad for the character, it did not even develop the calves, a point in favour of the pianola.

But, as in most new things, there was happily discovered a flaw. The so-called 'sound-box' of those new machines weighed as much, almost, as a portable radio today. With a beak like a vulture's, it swooped over the costly disk, thick as a soup-plate and signed with the name of Nellie Melba, and, if one played it too often, scooped a rut so deep that when the needle (which you must be careful to change every time) entered upon it, it would slow up, or even bring to a standstill the very turntable itself—whereupon the Australian diva was ignominiously brought down not merely a peg but whole octaves to end in a desolate bass whinny.

Great days and days of great resolve! Rather than wear the new miracle out too quickly, a policy of Go Slow was fearlessly adopted. The gramophone should be played only on Sundays. Would that a similar defect could be found in television, which restricted it to a once-a-week marvel!

It is foolish to sigh for the clock to turn back. A quarter of a century of 'on-tap' sound radio has made it very difficult to approach television in the spirit in which as a child I approached the gramophone. One is amazed and irritated—not grateful—that there is so little. For my colleague it is different; the television

camera sits hour after hour in front of even the dreariest cricket and no one is heard to complain. But let a drama or ballet be repeated even once, and see how they howl. . . The blunt fact is that there is not enough drama, ballet, music, parlour gamesmanship, not enough prepared entertainment to go round, and unless both the serving end and the receiving end of the business, Lime Grove and the critics on the hearth, go in for some sort of restrictive practices, we shall use up what is available much too quickly. Gone are the days when a comedian, who planned his tours carefully, could make a year's living out of a single joke about a kipper. Now it is worth exactly one airing; after that it is stale.

Let a critic set an example. Partly because I promised, but chiefly faute de mieux, I return to 'The Duenna', to sprinkle a little more sugar among the pepper I shook out last week. A second glimpse was not really more exhilarating, but what I had liked before stood up to the test well and what I liked most was Miss Jane Wenham, whom one used to see shining in not very important parts in the Old Vic seasons. This refurbishing of Sheridan, with some new, pretty, drawing-room-style music by Julian Slade, was designed for the stage of the pretty little Bristol Old Vic theatre, and it therefore accepted the closer intimacies of televiewing better than many a large musical piece might have done. But it retained far too many stagey set pieces, and the dancing, in default of colour, was dull enough. But Miss Wenham, singing like a rather childish angel and looking saucereyes while she did so, is so obviously the west country Yvonne Printemps that one hopes she will for ever replace on our cinema screens those absurd, current hybrids compounded of the face of Miss X, the speaking voice of Miss Y, and the singing tones of Miss Z. If 'The Duenna' did nothing else, it discovered for me a charming new singing actress.

To revert to dancing—which is usually not very well handled on television, where they lose (I must say it again) not only colour but the spatial relations which make ballet interesting —we had a curious pleasure this week. An ancient and tattered Russian film, propagandathrough-art, was fished out and we saw and heard some of the great talents of Soviet theatre. For me it was exciting to see Ulanova and to hear Lemeshev as I have longed to since first I saw them in Russia before the war. The film showed up some interesting other things besides

Ulanova's lovely 'line': for instance, the flat, unimaginative, vulgar décor commonly found at the Bolshoi. There are plenty of other Russian films of this kind, and even those from which the loss of colour would be serious (e.g., 'Sadko') would be interesting. The one called 'Gala Performance', which has sizeable excerpts from Prince Igor and a passage by perhaps the most exciting of all Russian ballerinas, Plesetskaya, would help to diversify the prevailing dullness in matters of the dance.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

#### **DRAMA**

#### Town and Country

One sympathises very much with Fernandita, the 'Lady from Alfaqueque'. She loves her Andalusian birthplace. After twenty years in Madrid she has not forgotten it; it is as bright to her as on the day she left home. Fernandita is, for me, a far more reasonable soul than the unimaginative persons who say, proudly, that they have no roots anywhere, that they are happy wherever they chance to be, and that they have no memories at all of a native town, of some village loved and lost. Fernandita may babble. Agreed; but she has a charming loyalty. In their hearts, I think, the brothers Serafin and Joaquin Alvarez Quintero are fond of her—even though they have allowed her to be imposed upon by people who know that with the word 'Alfaqueque', they can open any door.

It is only a small play, a wisp of a comedy, but one as happy on radio as in the theatre. Helen and Harley Granville Barker treated it with grace; and E. J. King Bull's radio production (Home, Sweet Home—the only possible wavelength) had the same quality. We knew how genuinely Fernandita (Catherine Lacey) loved Alfaqueque; and we could not blame her for yielding again, at the last, to a young man who was an obvious sponger, but who was ready to make verses about the visions of his child-hood, the house where he was born. 'It's a poem about Alfaqueque,' Fernandita cries rapturously to her husband, who cannot share her joy. 'God's will be done!' he exclaims helplessly: we can imagine him sitting down, with the rest, overcome, while Fernandita listens in a blissful drowse, her mind upon Andalusia. There is her true castle in Spain; there is Alfaqueque. A ridiculous woman? Superficially, yes; but only (I assure you) superficially. Austin Trevor, Michael Harald, and Maxine Audley helped along this seventy-five minutes (after which I wrote a long and passionate letter to

my own Alfaqueque).

In a feature, 'Surrey Landscape' (Home), our hearts were still in the country: a programme that might have pleased any Fernanditas long exiled from, say, Guildford or Dorking. Laurence Kitchin's mosaic-programme, which moved, roughly (though, I hasten to say, urbanely), between John Evelyn and Miss Joan Hunter-Dunn-for Mr. Betjeman cannot be left out of a Surrey celebration-described three centuries' growing appreciation of views and 'landskips', and found some pleasant quotations on the way. Someone (was it William Kent?) held, about 1730, that the river Mole 'could be made to look like the Tiber with the judicious alteration of land on its margins' There was, too, a useful snippet from 'The Clandestine Marriage', Sterling's landscape-gardening: 'One must always have a church, or an obelisk, or something to terminate the prospect, you know. That's a rule in taste'. An amiable programme (with Iill Balcon's voice to aid it), even if I did feel a certain condescension here and there

I notice it in myself when writing of 'Murderer At Large' (Home). Here we are out in the provinces again, in a town for which I hope no Fernanditas yearn. It is a tiresome spot, with a poison-pen writer about, and at least one peculiarly glum family. There have to be such plays as this to fill in the gaps, but although Joan Hart and Andrew Faulds attacked the text loyally, it was an uninspiring 'routine' event.

None, I hope, would have said this of 'Caste' (Home): we are back in Town now. It is fashionable to mock Tom Robertson's play. Never mind. It preserves its humanity and fun, and in Norman Wright's unexaggerated revival nothing went amiss. We did not feel like gibing at the simplicities of the little house in Stangate -where Joan Newell caught Polly's livelinessand in Mayfair Margaret Halstan arrived to recite the Marquissy's Froissart (a pill for any actress) as if she relished every word. Although some of the famous visual effects had to go-the filling of the pipe, for example—the piece came through delightfully. Sam Gerridge, the plumber (who thinks of the Royal Arms as 'a lion and a unicorn a-standin' on their 'ind-legs, doin' mothin' furiously') might have been at home with 'The Huggetts' (Light). Yet I doubt whether he would have appreciated their humours. I had a trying time with the last instalment, the purchase of a brass cat for

Instalment, the purchase of a brass car for three-and-twopence. Ah, well! Excelsior!

I turned from the Huggetts to a rather different household, that of 'The Family Reunion' (Third), and the melancholy goings-on at Wishwood. This was a revival from 1948. I need say only that Sir John Gielgud is one of the few actors able to steer us through Mr. Eliot's maze. And, to 'terminate the prospect' of the week—if with little more substantial than a cobweb—we had in Chekhov's 'A Swan Song' (Third) Leon Quartermaine to recreate eloquently the old comedian who finds for his protean performance, after-hours, an apprecia-

tive audience of one.

#### THE SPOKEN WORD

Mixed Cargo

TALKS CONTINUE in abundant supply, but a welcome variety was provided last week by two programmes of poetry. The first, called 'New Poetry', was a selection made and introduced by G. S. Fraser from recent volumes of verse. The two opening poems, 'Ballad of Don Juan

Tenorio' by Roy Campbell, and an 'Epitaph' on himself by John Heath-Stubbs, fine stuff effectively spiced with humour, put me into a mood of high recentivity, and I had just settled down to enjoy the rest when a clear, pure musical note intruded on Mr. Fraser's introduction of the next poem and in less than a minute it had reached a volume which effectually monopolised the broadcast. The second programme was a selection from the poems of Paul Verlaine made and introduced by Rayner Heppenstall. These were first read in English verse-translations by various hands and, after each of these, in the original French. I happen to be one of those whole-hoggers who insist that poetry is untranslatable and therefore there is no point in attempting the impossible except when it happens that the hopeless attempt results not in translation but in another poem. But this view does not prevent my enjoying a programme of this kind and I enjoyed this one very much. It was a pleasure to return to Verlaine's poetry, with its marvellously beautiful and totally untranslatable rhythms and cadences, and to hear them as beautifully read as they were by their French readers. And it was a pleasure, too, to hear what their translators-Ernest Dowson. Frances Cornford, Naomi Lewis, H. W. Garrod, and John Petrie-made of them. What they made was in all cases highly skilful and agreeable verse, none of it inferior to Dowson's. It was well read by Nicolette Bernard and David King-Wood

Of the talks I listened to, three were on aspects of religion and in all three I was struck by their reasonableness and open-mindedness. In 'Moving Mountains' Robert Peel, of the editorial staff of The Christian Science Monitor, described the metaphysical basis of the Christian Scientist's belief. It was a well-delivered and clear exposition by a man of intelligence and I found it well worth listening to. In 'Methodism', the next talk, the Rev. R. V. Spivey spoke of one of the many 'issues of major importance concerning Christian citizenship' which have been discussed at the Methodist Conference meeting this month at Birmingham. The issue in question was Spiritual Healing, the report on which by a committee appointed to investigate it was read at the conference. I found Mr. Spivey's summary of this extremely interesting and the views of the conference, as given by him, both liberal and wise.

The third of these talks, 'Religious Toleration' by the Rev. Victor White, O.P., was the first of eight broadcasts under the head of 'Toleration'. Father White is on my unwritten list of broadcasters-not-to-be-missed, and this talk, the fruit of a liberal intelligence and wide sympathy, quietly and clearly delivered, seemed to me extremely good. A fourth talk on religion was a repeat from the previous week (when I heard it) of a talk by the present Bishop of Uganda on 'The Ancient Syrian Church in India'. This was one of the many excellent talks which get crowded out of this weekly report.

It seems, then, as I look back that we had a pretty religious week of it. But on Friday Denis Johnston broke in. He had just returned from the United States in a ship laden with American students on their first visit to Europe. During the vovage they were being put through a process of 'orientation' by loud-speaker to equip them for this ordeal, and Mr. Johnston seized the opportunity to be orientated with the rest. In 'Eastward Ho!' he told us something of this experience. For him, of course, the distinction between mild and bitter and saloon bar, lounge bar and jug and bottle department was an old story, but he was glad to learn that you may take an umbrella into the Royal Academy but not into the National Gallery. In short, Mr. Johnston profited greatly by his course, the more so that, being an Irishman, he was in a position to laugh at the English quite as much as at the Americans. It was a magnificently funny broadcast. On the same evening I listened, enthralled, to 'Everest 1953'.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

#### MUSIC

#### The Swan and the Apple

THE INGENUITY of planning exercised in the Third Programme has often evoked cries of admiration and rounds of applause. Surely it surpassed itself last week when 'Lohengrin' and 'William Tell' were set before us cheek by jowl, though ingenuity rather overreached itself in placing a play called 'A Swan Song' in one interval of the Bayreuth performance. This was to indulge in a surfeit of the seasonable pastime of swan-upping, a picture of which, exhibiting odd and un-Lohengrin-like costumes, appeared

simultaneously in The Times.

'Fernand Cortez' and 'The Siege of Corinth' notwithstanding, 'William Tell' was the first really, truly 'grand' opera, and 'Lohengrin' was, as far as Germany is concerned, the last. We are apt to forget how grand 'Lohengrin' is, for we rarely see it done in England on the grand scale and I can recollect no complete, uncut performance of it here. Given in its entirety with all the processional apparatus and chivalric pageantry, it takes on, even though its picturesque spectacle is not seen, a surprising spaciousness. It actually becomes less boring, For it is useless to pretend that there are not tedious stretches in the work. But there are also immense compensations, when the performance is as good as this was and is properly spaced out with intervals, as every Wagnerian performance should be. What a wonderful imaginative grasp of the historical setting there is here, so that the fundamental silliness of the story (as it seems to modern matter-of-factness) sinks out of sight behind its poetically legendary character! How exactly right, for instance, is the wedding music! Hackneved though it is by being boomed out on church organs, it comes up bright, as though new minted, in a performance such as this, conveying exactly the chivalric attitude. One has only to think of Weber's homely, village-wedding music in 'Der Freischütz' to perceive the precision of Wagner's imaginative

The performance was, as I have suggested, excellent, and that in spite of serious shortcomings in the principal singers. Almost everywhere there was an excess of vibrato, while the voices of Elsa and Ortrud were insufficiently contrasted (Ortrud should have a darker, mezzo quality, Elsa a purer, steadier tone verging on 'whiteness') and Lohengrin's sounded 'tight' and forced. The Telramund (Hermann Uhde) was good and Joseph Greindl brought the King. Wagner's gruffest, stuffiest bass, to life by the sheer resonance of his voice. Hans Braun set a good example of steady tone and clear diction as the Herald. But the honours went to the chorus, who sang those involved and usually rather stodgy-sounding choruses, splendidly, and to the orchestra. Joseph Keilberth is apt to be a staid conductor, and there were some pedestrian stretches, which might have been enlivened, in the first act. But there was no lack of excitement, for instance, in the introduction to Act III and in the splendid interlude before the last

William Tell' has a much less silly story than 'Lohengrin', if you view it as a story apart from the librettists' conventions (made even more ridiculous in the English translation). The trouble is that the climactic episode is too much like the knife-throwing act at a fair to make serious drama, deadly serious though in fact the

situation is. Moreover, while a swan is a beautiful object with romantic associations and therefore an appropriate artistic symbol, an apple on a boy's head (and a boy called Jemmy too!) does not fill the bill in quite the same way.

Rossini's opera was splendidly sung in the recording which was played to us last Saturday. The chief soprano, Rosanna Carteri, has that clean and steady quality which is a joy to hear and a rarity nowadays, even though she was reticent about the details of some of the coloratura. Graziella Sciutti (Jemmy) and Miti Truccato Pace (Hedwig) were also excellent, so that the beautiful trio in the last act went well. The tenor, Mario Filippeschi, if not possessed of a voice of outstanding beauty, was as good as we hear nowadays, with some fine top notes, and, as Tell, Giuseppe Taddei gave us some really

magnificent singing. There was also a good assembly of basses in the minor parts. The orchestral performance under Mario Rossi was sound rather than inspired. During such things as the Pas de six, Delibes' model and, through him, Tchaikovsky's for ballet music, one longed for Beecham's finesse and precise pointing of the phrases.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

### Manuel de Falla

#### By SCOTT GODDARD

'La Vida Breve' will be broadcast on Friday, August 7, at 9.30 p.m., in the Third Programme

HE progress of a twentieth-century Englishman through contemporary Spanish music, or as it might be the progress of that particular type of music through the mind and understanding of such a person, is generally found to have begun with the works of Granados and Albeniz. They made the first deep impression. It was their music, pianoforte works and therefore fairly access ble, that began to open the eyes and ears of young English musicians in the early part of the century. Falla was to come within our reach rather later and with a very different effect.

In the Goyescas of Granados there was, we discovered, a new quality of sound, something in the harmonic texture and more so in the rhythm, which was altogether unlike the so-called Spanish music we knew. Our education, like that of almost any young European outside Spain, had been poverty-stricken in things Spanish. We had, in fact, learned bad Spanish. Moskowski's duets had led us into an unending wilderness of drawing-rooms. There seemed no way out, not even via Liszt who was merely more exciting. We had to go first to Russia and then to Paris, before we could free our minds of that false obsession. Glinka's Jota Aragonesa and the infectious Capriccio Espagnol by Rimsky-Korsakov began the cure which was completed by Debussy and Ravel. And by then Granados had come into our orbit and with that we were well on the way to the real right thing.

The Goyescas opened up new vistas for our imagination to explore. In the first place this music had none of the clattering 'brilliance' we had been told was Spanish par excellence. In the Goyescas there was poetry and a leisurely burgeoning of a creative musician's thought through continually charming repetitions of delicious phrases. It was what J. B. Trend, with his true ear for the proper literary description of Spanish music, was later to call the 'stately Spanish grace' and to reveal that particular gesture to us in 'Los Requiebros' after which we were able to find it also in 'La maja y el ruiseñor'. It was not perhaps the purest Spanish but it was at least fairly free from foreign influences and was music about Spain by a Spaniard.

Was Albeniz pure Spanish? The transcendental difficulties in the mere playing of 'Iberia' stood stiffly in the way of our getting to know that music. The heavy weight of notes seemed more Teutonic than Latin. No great pianist played any of 'Iberia' in those days unless it was 'Triana', and though that piece was moving and evocative of we knew not precisely what, it was not all we wanted to hear of the numbers of that astonishing set, numbers that added up to a total of bewildering richness. 'Evocacion began to appear in recital programmes, then. This was easier to compass and it appeared to have some of the same leisurely poetry of Granados and a similar brooding eloquence. We felt that

here we were indeed in touch with Spain, at least with the Spain of the Goyescas. It was to be another 'Iberia' that clinched the deal as between us foreigners and Spanish music, Debussy's Iberia'. There we felt that Europe had repaid her debt to Spain, had learned Spanish before trying to speak it, a reversal of the Moskowski technique. Ravel's Rapsodie had the same effect; the 'Prélude à la nuit' was, of course, a traveller's tale, but how far from the picture postcards sent home by the men of the preceding century! And so we were prepared for Falla's Homenaje, the guitar music he wrote in memory of Debussy with its sad, distant echo of 'La Soirée dans Grenade' as though Spain mourned a musician of her own soil. By then we were able to recognise the stylish quality there was in Falla's music and were in possession of the essential elements

of contemporary Spanish music.

The first meeting with Falla's music was startling. It was the ballet 'The Three-cornered Hat' (1919) that displayed his individual type of thought. It sent shivers down one's spine, so cold it was; cold in comparison to what one had been led to believe was Spanish warmth, a legend of perpetual sun and heat that not even Granados or Albeniz had dispelled. Falla blew it to ribbons. 'The cold wind from the Sierras'where had one heard that, and why forgotten it? The bareness of Falla's orchestration, the acute vision of an orchestra's function, that was new to us in London when Diaghilev put the ballet on the Alhambra stage with Picasso's scenery and costumes and Massine's choreography. Somewhat later the 'Nights in the Gardens of Spain' reinforced that lesson when that work reached London in 1921. This seemed to be the aristocracy of Spanish music, the chill, hieratic grace that gave nothing for nothing and kept a high reserve of manner and method between itself and the world. Finally, there was the Harpsichord Concerto (London, 1927) in which all these elements we had seen in Falla were crystallised into a single, indeed unique, expression of a man's mature mentality.

Between these highly lit works of Falla's genius there were smaller, less imposing, but no less evocative works. One of these is the opera that has caused this article to be elaborated. And there was 'El amor brujo'. In that glowing work there were such passages of calm, measured aristocratic eloquence as left imagination tingling with a sudden awareness. The seven-in-a-bar Pantomime appeared as an evocation of the kind Albeniz's piano piece had adumbrated. Its impact was immediate and its effect complete. In every detail of that miniature, art had been used to simplify the picture and bring it within the scope of intelligent comment. It was once and for all the music of Spanish history, vividly embodied in sequences purely Spanish.

Some few years later—it was in Bristol in 1924—the first meeting with 'El retablo de

Maese Pedro' brought Falla's vision of Don Quixote to add to our store of impressions. It revealed Falla as a man of deep human sympathies, a cool wit, and a warm heart in one. And for a foreign onlooker 'Master Peter's Puppet-show' was unquestionably Spanish. Who but a Spaniard would have known precisely that about Don Quixote or been able so mordantly to express that haunting blend of wilfullness and generosity of spirit? Who but a Spanish musician would have discovered a polytonal style of writing to express divided personality by using a 'stately Spanish grace' in large stretched chords played on a harp-lute with a horn tune in another mode threaded through it? 'La Vida Breve', or 'Life is short', is an

earlier work than any so far mentioned and a much simpler affair. The story is indeed one of the most simple imaginable: a tale of infatuation, desertion, and sudden death. The tragedy is played out in Granada. There are two acts. The first is set in the house of some gipsies in the Albaicin. Salud, a young gipsy girl, is despairingly in love with Paco, whom already she suspects of the most monstrous infidelity. Her ancient grandmother, La Abuela, tries to comfort her, but she will have none of it. Her old uncle Salvador will have none of it either; he tells her straight out that her suspicions are well grounded. 'He will marry a girl of his own caste and his own class'. That revelation comes after Salud and Paco, visiting her gipsy house and he no gipsy, have had a passionate scene.

In the second act the wedding party of Paco and his real girl is in full swing, with dances and songs. Salud appears and stands glaring through the railings into the courtyard where the wedding feast is taking place. Her grandmother and uncle persuade her to go in with them and to entertain the guests with gipsy music. That they do; and when Salud at last faces Paco she calls him traitor and falls dead at his feet. It is a slender tale and a commonplace libretto. All

that keeps it alive is the music.

Falla has used a kind of magic here, precursor of the magical effects in 'El amor brujo'. There is, as Professor Trend says, a strong flavour of French operetta, what he calls Massenet, a heady warmth in the music of Salud's and Paco's uneasy interchanges. It would presumably be Massenet that might enter into the scheme of an opera written by a young Spaniard with an eye on France, where in fact the work was first performed (Nice, 1913). But that is the least impressive music. It is the atmosphere of Spain that tells above all else; the mysterious off-stage songs from the near-by forge, accompanied by the beating of hammers, and Salud's monologues which have a purely Spanish tang and seem, though they are not, folk songs. 'La Vida Breve' is an unequal work but it has moments of astonishing directness that still take one by the throat.

# Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

#### HONEY CAKE

I CANNOT THINK WHY we do not use more honey for cooking. In stewed fruit, for instance, it gives a delicious smoky tang that you never get with sugar. One of the most satisfying things to make with honey is continental gingerbread. There is very little ginger about it: it is really made with a mixture of honey and sugar.

Here is a recipe for the kind of gingerbread or honey cake such as the witch's house was made of in the fairy story of Hansel and Gretel. It is a very old and famous one from the town of Basle in Switzerland, and these particular cakes are called Basler Leckerlei.

The ingredients you need are:

6 oz, of clear honey 6 oz. of clear honey
6 oz. of sugar
6 oz. of candied peel
6 oz. of ground almonds
12 oz. of plain flour
4 oz. of crushed, sweet-biscuit crumbs I teaspoon of baking powder cinnamon cloves nutmeg

Heat the sugar in a pan with a little waterrather less than a quarter of a pint to be exact. When it has become a syrup and begins to caramelise, add the honey. Take it off the fire and let it cool, stirring frequently, and then beat

it into the dry ingredients.

Put into a large bowl the finely chopped candied peel, ground almonds, and plain, sifted flour. To it add the crushed, sweet-biscuit crumbs and a teaspoon of baking powder. Then add the spices: a good pinch of cinnamon, a small pinch of ground cloves, and two good pinches of grated nutmeg (about a quarter of a nutmeg).

Having mixed them all together, you beat in the hot honey-and-sugar syrup. This is really hard work, and you must get it well mixed. Leave it over-night, and the next day roll it out on a floured pastry-board and cut it in shapes with a knife. Lay them in a greased baking sheet and cook them in a moderate oven till brown. The mixture should be rather on the dry side. While the cakes are still hot from the oven they should be brushed over with thin, warm honey to make them shiny, or decorated with icing sugar SHELLA HUTCHINS

#### A DISH FROM NORMANDY

A fish dish cooked with cider, from a Normandy recipe, is easy enough for anyone to make. The simplest possible way is to use a few fillets of any white fish, such as sole, lemon sole, or plaice, or a cod steak about an inch thick, or even the tail end of a cod fillet. First, grease a shallow fireproof dish with butter or margarine. and scatter about a teaspoon of finely chopped onion over the bottom. Put the fish on top. season it with salt and pepper, and then pour over it a few tablespoons of dry cider, about enough to cover the bottom of the dish. Now put a piece of greased paper on top-or the lid of the dish or even a plate, if it fits snugly enough-and let it cook in a moderate oven anything from ten to fifteen minutes, according to the thickness of the fish. By the time it is cooked, the fish will have produced more liquid in the dish, and this will make the sauce. Take out the fish and scrape off any bits of onion sticking to it, and keep it hot while you strain the liquid. You must thicken this now in the usual way or, of you want something special, use a little cream off the milk beaten with an

CLUES 1D. Methought I saw a thousand fearful —s

1R. As did the — of Jewry At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen
2L + 23R. Moor, she was —; she lov'd thee, cruel egg-yolk, but for most people an ordinary thickening of fat and flour will do. It will make a very good, homely imitation of white-wine sauce. You can make the dish much grander, of course, if you garnish it afterwards with, say, cooked mushrooms or shrimps, or both.

AMBROSE HEATH

#### Notes on Contributors

W. H. THORPE (page 171): Lecturer in Ento-mology, Cambridge University, since 1932; joint-editor of Behaviour: an International Tournal of Comparative Ethology

W. BRIDGES-ADAMS (page 173): stage director and member of the staff of the British Council; manager and producer of the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, 1916-1917; producer of many Shakespearean plays and supervised in-stallation of the New Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, 1931-32
Anthony Smith (page 175): on editorial staff

of The Manchester Guardian; author of Blind

White Fish in Persia

DAVID GLASS (page 177): Professor of Sociology, London University, since 1948; editor of British Journal of Sociology; author of Population Policies and Movements in Europe. The Struggle for Population, etc.
S. Moos (page 179): Lecturer in Economics,

the Durham Colleges

GUY W. KEELING (page 182): formerly secre-tary of The Library Association and of The Association of Special Libraries and Information Bureaux; compiler of the recently published Guide to Trusts and Foundations.
ROBERT PEEL (page 184): on the editorial staff

of The Christian Science Monitor

18R. The weakest kind of fruit —— earliest to the ground 19L. True lovers are, Un—— and skittish in all motions

#### Crossword No. 1,213. Shakespeare Unbound-III. By Trochos

(Text of Cowden Clarke's edition)

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, August 6

Starting at square 1, and running continuously from left to right on alternate lines to square 27, is an eleven-word quotation from a play. (One word is really two, run together.) All the clues are from the plays and the answers (unless otherwise stated) are of five letters, all mixed. D=down; L=diagonally down to the left; R=diagonally down to the right.

ı		2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	7										
	75			4 3	-						
	1										
1	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
The last	23		74	-						-	24
						= -	# -	4			
-	25		EY							ĮŽ.	26
			-						250	27	
ı	11000		-				7-				

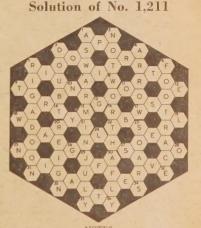
NAME

# saughten. 21. + 23R. Moor, she was —; she lov'd thee, trueMoor (6) 28. And sounded all the depths and —s of honour 38. On —'s altar to protest, For aye, austerity and single life 41. + 25R. A simple countryman, that brought her figs: This was his — (6) 48. The friends thou hast, and their adoption— 51. To — out disl quaintly, point by point 58. The lightning, which doth — to be Ere one can say, It lightens 61. I may command where I 68. The —-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums 71. Cous.n Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your 7R. Why stay we to be baited With one that - her 8L. Speak, —, for me! 8R + 26L. Bestride the —world Like a Colossus (6) 91. How is't with me, when every — appals me? 101. Marriage is a matter of more worth Than to be — in by attorneyship 101 + 24L. Or, if his mind be writ, give me his — (6) 11L. On the supervise, no leisure —, . . . My head should be struck off 11D. Near to her close and consecrated — 12D. Your speech is passion: But, pray you, stir no —s up 12B. Rough quarries, -, and hills whose heads touch

20-33, ringe, 23-34, saros, 5-31, r(i gad)oon, 9-21, gritty, 24-32, hal/v)es, 5-13, runrig, 16-28, Bo(re)as, 18-26, w(ag)ed, 29-34, jeffs, 3-8, widow, 11-19, stool, 25-antilogy (anag.), 1-12, operator (anag. of rep a root), 6-13, fo(rg)ot, 15-25, Romany (anag.), 12-22, bestow, 24-31, l'injing, 4-7, tiars; rists, 10-18, b(raw)n, 19-27, loser; roles, 30-33, (fa)(una), 2-9, po(s(it))on, 28-35 co-vert)ly. 12B. Rough quarries, —, and hills whose heads touch heaven
13R. — the blossom that hangs on the bough
14B. Made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have —
his club to make the fire too
15B. With forked — Have their round haunches gor'd
16L. How tender 'tis to love the babe that — me
16B. Our fire-brand brother, —, burns us all
17L. He — out money gratis
17R. 'When we parted last, Thou call'dst me king'. 'Ay,
but the case is —'d'
18L. He'll make demand of her, and — that kiss Which
is my heaven to have

Prizewinners: Ist prize: A. T. Hill (Berkhamsted); 2nd prize: T. G. Laing (Kilmarnock); 3rd prize: R. Tomlins (Torquay).

# else—come tiring on, And not a man of them brings other news 21L. I cannot heave My—into my mouth 22L. Fear no more the—o'the great 22D. Whereas I was black and—before, . . That beauty am I bless'd with, which you may see



POSTAL TUITION FOR THE

OF EDUCATION—the certificate that opens the door to ANY career. Taken under conditions, it is the hall-mark of a general education, the first step to a degree, and exempts from most professional preliminary exams. Wolsey Hall (founded in 1894) provides efficient postal tuition for the General Certificate Examinations of London, Oxford, Cambridge, the Northern Universities, and others. Moderate fees, instalments. PROSPECTUS post free from C. D. Parker,

#### WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD





This isn't just another collar-attached shirt - this shirt is tailored by Luvisca Ltd. It's the perfect shirt-for work or play: comfortable, amply cut in coat style, with reinforced single cuffs... good-looking, hard-wearing. It's made from a Courtaulds' fabric, of course.

IO SHADES

Three patterned weaves, each with nine pastel shades: cream, grey, light blue, lilac, grey-green, beige, yellow, fawn, salmon—and white.





LOOK FOR LUVISCA AT ALL GOOD OUTFITTERS

Luvisca Limited, Old Vicarage Road, Exeter.

### UNIVERSITY, Law, Engineering and other examinations

U.C.C., founded 1887, prepares students by postal tuition for LONDON UNIVERSITY Entrance requirements, Intermediate and Final exams, for B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., and various Diplomas; General Certif. of Education (Ord. & Adv.) London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, A.C.P., Law Prelim, Bar, Engineering, &c. Highly qualified Tutors. Low fees; instalments.

PROSPECTUS post free from the Registrar.

#### UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

56 Burlington House, Cambridge

### HOSTEL FULL!

For thousands of young women, working, training or studying away from home, Y.W.C.A. Hostels offer a friendly, comfortable place to live, at reasonable cost. But acute shortage of Hostel accommodation leaves thousands of others in urgent need.

The cost of opening more Y.W.C.A. Hostels is very heavy. The Y.W.C.A. appeals to you for help.

Please send your donation to

The Hon. Treasurer, National Offices, Bedford House, 108, Baker Street, London, W.1.



Doubting Thomas? People are inclined to assume that high price is indicative of correspondingly high quality and are puzzled by the low price of our standard dining room and bedroom furniture. But why should a good thing always cost a great deal? Be a doubting Thomas when you're buying furniture. Don't look at it from six feet away. Test the drawers, examine the wood and the joints. Look at it outside, inside and underneath, and when you step away you will know why we say: good furniture need not be expensive. Our furniture is stocked by good furnishing houses in most parts of the country. Will you write to us for the name of the retailer nearest to you?



### Gordon Russell Limited

BROADWAY · WORCESTERSHIRE



700L 2-SPEED TAPE RECORDER Price 80 gns. H.P. Terms Available Write for illustrated folder to Dept. L.R.

GRUNDIG (Gt. Britain) LTD., KIDBROOKE PARK ROAD, LONDON, S.E.3

TWO-SPEED PERFORMANCE
The 1,200 feet of a tape gives you
TWO HOURS of perfect speech
recording and play back or ONE
HOUR of high-fidelity music
recording and play back. Highspeed mechanism enables you to
reproduce from (or record on)
any part of the tape in a few
seconds. The same tape can be
used again and again or recordings can be kept indefinitely.
Sound frequency range: Music—
50-10,000 c[s. Speech—
50-6,000 c[s.

TWO-SPEED PERFORMANCE